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THE CRY OF THE CARPET-BAGGER

BENNETT BLOWS HIS BAZOO AT THE BISMARCK ROYS.

The Radical Candidate for Delegate Begging For Democratic Votes--He Stultifies Himself in a "Boomerang" Speech and Leaves without a Sympathizer--Bennett's Relations with Spencer.

A BAD BREAK.

There could be no more pitiful spectacle than that presented by Judge Bennett at the Opera House Monday night. The announcement that he was to speak attracted a large assemblage of Democrats, who wanted to hear what the Republican candidate had to say, and that they, and what few Republicans attended, were thoroughly disappointed was testified in the scant applause and the glances of pity that were shot at the speaker. Instead of coming out manfully and manifesting that degree of self respect which a man in his position is supposed to possess, he appeared merely as a suppliant for votes, begging for them as a starving man might beg for bread, not offering a solitary valid reason why any man should cast his ballot for him.

He opened by admitting a warm personal interest in the election, and throughout his speech it was apparent that that interest was paramount to all other considerations. Mr. George P. Flannery had introduced him as one too well known to need any encomium, but the Judge seemed to assume that no one had ever heard of him before, and his diatribe was a description of himself, and a prayer that

THE HERO OF HIS NARRATIVE might be chosen, as a favor to himself, to the office of Delegate to Congress.

After alluding to Mr. Tripp as his personal friend, he announced that Tripp had wholly failed to show why a Democrat should be elected. He claimed that Tripp had promised nothing in the way of internal improvements and that he (Tripp) had wholly failed to pledge himself to the extension of the Union Pacific Railroad. These were the only charges he had to make against his opponent. In order to strengthen these, the Judge went on to pay the orthodox stump compliment to the party he represents, drifting helplessly through the mass of generalities that the average Republican thinks necessary to confuse the unreasoning listener. He portrayed the glories which that party has saddled upon the country and, mounting to the zenith of oratorical pyrotechnics, endeavored to prove by mere assertion that the Almighty frowns upon every act not sanctioned by the Republican party.

But it was when he got away from this line and tackled every day affairs that he came down like a stick. Said he, "It is claimed by Mr. Tripp that the Delegate to Congress should be in sympathy with the party in power, and that the party in power will be Democratic." He claims that a Democratic house

WILL NOT ADMIT DAKOTA as a state unless her delegate be a Democrat. What a charge against the Democracy! He is claiming that the party is dishonest, which I do not believe, and I think more of the party than Mr. Tripp does when he degrades it by such a statement. A little further on he remarked: "The business of the territories is done through the departments. Gen. Williamson, the land commissioner, is my personal friend. It is not reasonable to suppose that I can do more for Dakota, Republican as I am with the Republican departments than a Democrat can."

And the crowd sat and looked at him bewildered. The spectacle of a man denouncing in one breath the very platform that floated on the next, was a new thing to the people of Bismarck and they looked with dismay upon the speaker who calmly affirmed that he could and would compel his party to do what he had just condemned as degrading and dishonest in his opponents.

Taking up the charge that he is a carpet-bagger, he denied it and said he had come here four years ago with a Federal commission in his clothes and had determined to make Dakota his home. Yet his whole speech was that of a

COUNTY POLITICIAN in the states and in not a single sentence did he show that he knew the wants of the territories or understood the people to whom his commission had introduced him.

"It is said you want to be admitted as a state," he exclaimed, "If all the people in the territory want it, I will work for it. It is said that the people of Northern Dakota desire a division of the Territory. If all the people in the Territory want the division I will strive for that." "All the people in the Territory." Then the people of Northern Dakota have no rights in this learned gentleman's judgment, and Northern Dakotians will do well to ponder over this avowed intention to disregard their preferences when they come to cast the votes, this sectional representative claims for so loudly.

Coolly and calmly Judge Bennett announced that he would not wave the bloody shirt and then he plunged into what the war and the Republican party had effected. Fittingly did he use the term

"BOOMERANG." For his every sentence flew back in his teeth until he stood stultified in every proposition he advanced, an object to command the pity of God and man.

Coming down to his poverty he made a strong play for the support of the working men by claiming that he belonged to the debtor class and that all he had earned had gone to pay his indebtedness. Had he crushed the next sentence in his teeth,

so far would have been well enough, but he must needs explain that the property for which his money had gone was located in Washington, Iowa and Chicago. Not a dollar in the territory he begged to represent. Not a dollar among the people he claimed as his neighbors, but every cent disposed of in the states of Illinois and Iowa.

It is useless to go on with his speech. The foregoing report is a fair sample of his effort and the disgust with which it inspired his listeners was well testified in the feeble response to an effort to get up a cheer for him at the close.

SPENCER.

The one good point he made was on his brother carpet-bagger, Senator Spencer. Said Bennett:

"After I went to the Black Hills in the spring of 1877, I granted an injunction on the Aurora mine. I returned in June to Yankton to attend the supreme court. While at Yankton Senator Spencer sent a dispatch to Gov. Pennington asking him where Bennett was. Pennington replied, 'In Yankton.' Then this almighty Senator sent a dispatch flashing over the wires: 'Hold him until I come; I have important business with him.'"

"A few days later Spencer arrived in Yankton and sought an interview with me at Gov. Pennington's office. He proceeded to business at once. He is a man of business. He said: 'Brown & Thunn, bankers in Deadwood, Hon. Tom Platt, ex-member of congress, Senator Roscoe Conkling and myself have purchased an interest in the Aurora mine and I have come down to have you dissolve that injunction you granted in favor of the Hidden Treasure.' I said to him, 'I see your motion.' He replied, 'I have none.' 'Have you any additional testimony to offer?' He replied, 'I have none.' 'Have you given the opposite party any notice of this application?' He answered 'no.'"

"I then told him, 'I do not do business in that sort of a way.'"

"He then shuffled around, flushed up and stammered out that he didn't want me to do anything improper. I replied that he ought to know that such a proceeding was highly improper. He then changed his tactics and came at me with this question: 'I suppose you know there is a petition circulating the hills for your removal?' I answered 'Yes, and you

HAVE GOT IT IN YOUR POCKET

at this moment.' He squirmed and denied the charge, but he had it all the same. He went on to say that the petition was being signed by the whole bar, and that a strong effort for my removal would be made and he thought it would prove successful. I said I knew just what members of the bar had signed it, and I knew it would not prove successful, as the department of justice would take no action without first making an investigation; that no truthful charges could be made against me that would warrant my removal. I asked him if that was the important business he had with me. He replied, 'It was, and I bid him good day.'"

"No man can make me believe that Senator Spencer didn't come with that petition as a threat over my head. He expected me to cringe and bawl 'what shall I do to avert this disgrace to myself and family.' He would cunningly reply: 'Dissolve that injunction and this petition will go no farther.'"

Judge Bennett favored his remarks on Spencer with the statement that he dare not return to the state he misrepresented; that he was a United States Senator without a state or a constituency and was a stench in the nostrils of the whole country. "I beg your pardon," he said, "for his introduction into this hall even in memory."

THE CRITTER SOLDIERS.

News and Notes From the Seventh Cavalry.

A letter from the camp of the Seventh Cavalry, in the field near Camp Robinson, Nebraska, dated Oct. 20th, reports: "A party of ten Cheyenne bucks and squaws came in to-day. The country is so thoroughly scouted by our troops that they concluded to surrender and not to run the risk of getting captured. It appears from all that we can gather that there are one or two families still in the Sand Hills, south-east of us. Col. Tilford is having that country thoroughly scouted and is doing all he can to meet the views spread from Headquarters at St. Paul. Col. Merrill with two companies of the Seventh is on Wounded Knee to keep open communication with Capt. Wessell of the Third Cavalry at new Spotted Tail Agency. The rumor that the Red Cloud Indians are dissatisfied, is totally groundless. To all appearances they are acting in perfect good faith. Red Cloud himself is exceedingly anxious to create a favorable impression on us, and has behaved remarkably well. I believe the Cheyenne war party passed north before we left Bear Butte. Any stragglers, who remain behind, will be found by our scouts. The regiment is badly off for clothing. Rations will be out, the end of the month. We have received notice that clothing will be sent us at Camp Robinson. I hope it may arrive in time as the men will suffer terribly should a storm overtake us. The clothing the boys had on, when they left Lincoln in July, is a sad excuse for protection against the winds and rains that may come on any day. We have lots of fun over the dispatch from Headquarters which still wishes us to bear in mind that we must follow to the death, all Indians, whose trail we may discover. It is very absurd, but these are the days of bombast."

A SOLID SHOT FROM STOYELL

PLANTED SQUARELY IN BENNETT'S POLITICAL STOMACH.

Another Republican Who Can't Go the Nominee of His Party--A Strong Speech for Tripp, With Reasons Why He Should Be Elected--Some Pleasant Reading for Intelligent Voters.

STILL ANOTHER COUNTY.

The Hon. John A. Stoyell arrived in Bismarck yesterday from a successful trip up the Red River valley, and was invited by a number of Democrats and honest Republicans to speak at the Opera House in the evening, and refute the arguments and show up the fallacies shot off by Judge Bennett the night before.

The acceptance of the invitation by Mr. Stoyell jammed the Opera House full of the leading Democrats and better class of Republicans, who listened with the utmost interest, and frequently cheered enthusiastically the able manner in which one of the severest logicians in the Republican ranks tore to pieces the shallow pretensions of the candidate of the Bismarck Bennett club.

Mr. Stoyell was introduced to the assembly by Col. Thompson in a few graceful remarks which captivated the audience in the start. The speaker of the evening opened by saying that in appearing before the audience as an honest advocate for the election of Bartlett Tripp as delegate to Congress he renounced none of those principles which had formerly allied him to the Republican party, but only desired the election of

BARTLETT TRIPP

as Delegate, who for thirteen long years had been a constant resident of the Territory of Dakota, and an earnest advocate of every principle which seemed to portend his future prosperity. He discussed the greenback question, and argued that it all simmered itself down to an important issue between labor and capital. The most important legislation, he argued, of the past sixty years for the protection of corporations had been instituted with a view of assisting the masses, whereas, in fact, the benefits had really accrued to speculators and adventurers, who had benefited thereby under the insidious guise of honest reformers.

Coming down to a practical application of politics to the wants of the people of the Territory, Mr. Stoyell contended that our prosperity rested fundamentally on the admission of Dakota as a State. He demonstrated clearly that it lay beyond a peradventure that the next Congress would be Democratic, and proved conclusively that in order to induce favorable legislation the Delegate from the Territory must be in sympathy with the political aspect of Congress. In his argument he completely shattered the feeble efforts of Judge Bennett, who strove to show that it all depended on the Departments at Washington, and that it was necessary to elect a Radical to complete the destinies of the people of the Territory. His plea proved that Congress was the father of the Territories, and not a carpet bag holder of a high toned clerkship who would only listen when feel in advance, and that Congress was more successfully approached through its own political stripe than through any gentleman who

CAME IN WITH A COMMISSION,

and went out without even a residence.

Mr. Stoyell gave the facts to show that Bartlett Tripp had thoroughly identified himself with every material interest of the Territory; that he is one of the ablest jurists living in Dakota, and that no motive, act or thought of his could be questioned as to its purity.

Throughout the whole speech Mr. Stoyell was eloquent, logical and forcible. It was manifest that he hated to attack a man even pretending to represent Republican principles, but it was also manifest that he thought honestly that Bennett is not the man to represent the Territory in Congress, and the audience, to a man, Democrat and Republican, agreed with him.

TRIPP.

Bartlett Tripp, the next delegate to congress from Dakota, made a trip down the Red River valley that was entirely satisfactory. In Richland he made a stirring address that told well for his party. In such a strong Republican town as Grand Forks Tripp is holding Bennett more than level. His whole voyage was marked with a series of which not only demonstrate his personal popularity but show that the vote of the valley will be overwhelmingly Democratic.

PAINTED WOODS PRECINCT.

The polls of the Painted Woods precinct will be located, election day, at the residence of G. G. Rhude.

WOODRUFF'S RACE.

A report is in circulation, which is receiving but little credence in this county, but might do mischief in other parts of the district, that Mr. Woodruff is running for the office of District Attorney simply to draw votes from Mr. Francis, in order to secure the election of Mr. Stoyell. This is a malicious lie, and the man that is circulating the report knows it. Mr. Woodruff authorizes us to say this, nor would we hesitate to say so without a word from him, as we know that he is running in his own interest and expects to be elected, and the man who seeks to do him injury by circulating such falsehoods is not worthy of the support of the voters of any part of the district. In addition to this we may safely say that either Woodruff or Stoyell

could secure the election over Mr. Francis without the assistance of a third party.--Grand Forks Plaindealer.

TELEGRAPHIC.

General News From The Outside World.

[Special Despatch to the Tribune.]

FINANCIAL.

St. Paul, Oct. 30.--Within the past week over a million in specie arrived at New York from Europe.

The indications at the Bureau of Statistics are that the exports this fall will be larger than ever before. Everything is regarded by Secretary Sherman as favorable for the resumption of specie payments at the allotted time. United States Treasurer Gilfillan, after consulting with the Secretary of the Treasury, has concluded to adopt the opinion of Gen. Devans upon the taxability of

NATIONAL BANK

capital as far as future assessments are concerned, but the point made in behalf of the banks when they have been unjustly and illegally assessed in the past will be left to congress to settle.

HAYES' RECEIPTION.

The President entertained the numbers of Cincinnati Literary Club at the White House yesterday. There was no wine, Apollonaris and Potomac waters supplying their place. There was great flow of table talk as a result of these innocent potatoes. SPORTING.

Howard has accepted Yales' challenge to an eight oared, four mile race.

THE NATIONAL RELIEF BOAT.

Chambers has returned to St. Louis. The officers report that in many small places extreme misery exists, food, clothing and other necessities of life being sadly needed. Four deaths occurred during the past 24 hours in Memphis, and three outside of the city. One new case is reported at New Orleans, and ten deaths; six new cases at Baton Rouge, and one death; thirteen new cases at Jackson and four deaths; sixteen new cases at Chattanooga, and three deaths; three new cases at Holly Springs, and one death. Total number of deaths at New Orleans 3,094.

THE MANHATTAN BANK.

Depositors at the Manhattan Bank have been thronging the doors, but are all informed that the deposits are all right and will be paid, if wanted, at the end of sixty days. No clue to the robbers has yet been found.

CLAGETT'S CHARGES.

A Life Long Republican on Carpet Bagger Bennett.

At the conclusion of Hon. Bartlett Tripp's speech at Deadwood, loud calls were made for Hon. W. H. Clagett, the "silver tongued orator," and a life-long Republican, who, in response, arose in his seat, as he remarked, out of courtesy, not feeling exactly at home, and consequently not eligible to speak. He returned thanks to the audience for the honor conferred, and stated that he was a Republican, born, bred and dyed in the wool, but that he intended to vote for Bartlett Tripp. [Tearful applause.] He said that it was a question with him whether Bennett is the nominee of the Republican party, for from pretty good authority he understood that in the convention at Yankton, Mr. Kidder received 73 votes, and Bennett less than sufficient to nominate him, still the latter was declared the choice of the convention. Further than this the speaker had been told that the primaries in the Hills had been manipulated in the interest of Bennett to the prevention of an expression of the will of the people, and that the anti-Bennett ticket was defeated by fraud. Eighteen years ago the speaker took a solemn vow that he would never vote for any man who came into the country until he had dropped his carpet bag, and become one of the people. The occupation of Bennett has been that of proprietor of an injunction mill in the Hills, while his habitation was a question of great uncertainty. The statutes of the United States contain a law making it incumbent upon a Territorial judge to reside in the district over which he presides. Judge Bennett took upon himself a solemn oath to abide by the laws of the land, including the one above cited, yet in the face of this specific provision during his brief connection with the Hills Bennett was in the district six months, and out of it eight. The great inconvenience and loss to our miners that followed, is known to us all. Mr. Clagett's words were kept, and his argument, fascinating in the extreme, was repeatedly interrupted by great applause, and at its conclusion, three ringing cheers were given the speaker.

A Lucky Tramp.

The talk in Leadville, Col., is about a vagabond of a miner, Bassick, who tramped into town without a cent in his pocket, and jumped into an income of \$2,000 a day. He began to dig in Tyndall Hill, and three feet below the surface he struck a rotten, chalky substance that formed the entire enticement. Everybody laughed at the beggar and derisively called his find "Bassick's Whitewash Mine." But Bassick found the stuff rich in carbonate of lead carrying silver, and in digging down found boulders and pebbles that were coated with silver chloride. From the surface down 200 feet the mine has paid richer than any other in the country, yielding thus far \$64,000 a month.

CAPTURE OF THE CHEYENNES

AFTER AN EXCITING CHASE THEY ARE GATHERED.

A Good Deal of Monkeying Around Necessary, But the Troops Manage to Get There--Movements of the Soldiers and Likewise of the Red Skins--Gossip About Miles and Gibbons.

THE CANNY CHEYENNES.

It looks as if somebody blundered in the Cheyenne Indian campaign. When they broke out in the Indian Territory Gen. Pope, commander of that department, telegraphed to Sheridan that it was quite improbable that they would be able to cross the line of the Kansas Pacific. Pope was "off his nut," however, and the Indians crossed, sacrificing the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Lewis. They then crossed the Nebraska-Kansas line, and left a bloody trail to the line of the Union Pacific. They were then in Gen. Crook's department, with every advantage in favor of Crook's stopping them before they jumped the Union Pacific. But he didn't, and the Indians got six hours the start of them for the Sand Hills. The troops stuck in the sand, and the Indians escaped to this department in the temporary command of Gen. Gibbon. Gibbon started out the Seventh Cavalry from Bear Butte. That famous regiment, through a fraudulent guide, lost a day's march and reached Camp Sheridan on the 16th, in time to learn that there were no

INDIANS IN SIGHT. Several companies were also sent out from Cheyenne agency on the Missouri. There were detachments of soldiers in every direction, but no Indians. Next it appears that these Cheyennes were not in the neighborhood of Camp Sheridan in Southern Dakota on the 16th or 17th, but had crossed the Yellowstone several hundred miles north on the 13th. The Seventh Cavalry and several other battalions were looking for flushed game, four days old.

On the 13th the Cheyennes crossed the Yellowstone, seventeen miles northeast of Fort Keogh. Gen. Miles had received no intimation of their approach north, and only learned through his own scouts that the Indians had come and gone. He was not aware of the sensation the Indians had made, nor had he been informed of their depredations. On the 14th Miles sent four companies of cavalry, under Maj. Baker, in pursuit. He had received no orders from Gen. Gibbon, and did not receive any until several days after the Indians had passed the Yellowstone. This neglect upon the part of Gibbon may be attributed to his indifference about seeing Miles gather in any more Indian laurels. He is a rival of Miles for the Brigadier's star, and is not in good humor with Miles' luck. Gibbon certainly made a gross mistake that can hardly stand ventilation.

It further appears that Gen. Miles did not advise Gen. Gibbon when he sent Baker in pursuit of the Cheyennes. It looks a little queer all around.

A NEW MOVE.

On last Thursday the steamer General Sherman left Fort Buford with three companies of the Sixth Infantry under Capt. Rowell. The battalion numbered 130 men and five officers, including Indian scouts and two mountain howitzers. They were well provided with ammunition, rations and forage, and seemed bent on a campaign. No news had reached Buford of Indians crossing the Missouri, and there was, therefore, a hope of intercepting them.

THEY WERE NOT CHEYENNES.

A private dispatch from Fort Buford on Friday evening over the new military line reported as follows: "Steamer Benton arrived from above this evening. Col. Baker, with his command, has turned back from the Missouri towards Tongue river, on Glendive on the Yellowstone. Baker struck a trail on Redwater, and followed it, making rapid marches, but when he reached the Missouri he found the Indians had crossed. They were Minneconjos, Sioux, and not the renegade Cheyennes. They crossed the Missouri near Porcupine creek. Two smaller parties have since crossed. The first party was from Spotted Tail's agency, and were thirty days out when they jumped the Missouri, bound for Sitting Bull's ranch. No Cheyennes have passed the river, and from reliable reports it would seem impossible for them to have reached it yet. The Benton passed the Sherman getting on finely with her load of troops. The Benton leaves for Bismarck to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. Col. McLeod, chief of the Canadian police, is a passenger on the Benton."

GOBBLED AT LAST.

The latest report proves the Cheyennes prisoners, at Camp Robinson. They were found in the Sand Hills and were easily taken. They as easily escaped and took to rifle pits. The military brought out the artillery and sent the obstinate warriors word that they would shell every one of them from the face of the earth, if they did not surrender. The Indians, half starved and half frozen, held out for forty-eight hours and then came in. They fought with the desperation of the "lost."

The Indian Agency Cases.

U. S. Marshal John B. Raymond went through here on Sunday from the Hills. He reported the United States court at Yankton on the 12th of November. The Cheyenne Indian agency cases before Judge Moody were all postponed to the next term of court, at the request of the government. Gen. Hammond's first crop failed to yield anything.

From the St. Paul Daily Globe.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENT

CHAS. ETHERIDGE A SUPPOSED FUGITIVE AND DEFaulTER.

His Departure From St. Paul, and the Peculiar Condition of Affairs Which is Being Developed—Amount of Plunder Unknown, but it May Reach up to Fifty Thousand Dollars—The Defaulter's Position as a Church Member and in Other Prominent Organizations.

A startling but quiet rumor was whispered about yesterday afternoon, involving the character and conduct of Chas. Etheridge, one of our prominent and well known citizens. The charge was so serious, that unlike ordinary rumor the tale spread slowly, as parties hearing it were so shocked that they were loth to repeat it, trusting that some explanation would still be made which would clear up the cloud. The GLOBE this morning, will therefore, give the first tangible shape to the reported downfall and disgrace of one who has hitherto stood high in this community.

MR. ETHERIDGE'S BUSINESS.

For some ten or fifteen years Chas. Etheridge has been engaged in the insurance business in this city. Purchasing a well established fire agency when he came to St. Paul he represented some of the best companies in the country. He was associated with different partners, his last partner being E. E. Hugbison, under the firm name of Etheridge & Hugbison. Their agency was largely fire, though they also had the Equitable Life Assurance society. Independent of his insurance business, Mr. Etheridge had a loan agency in which the firm was not interested. He acted as loan agent for the Mercantile Trust Co., of New York and also for the Equitable company, which has a loan department. Some three or four years ago his loan business assumed such proportions that the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Hugbison taking the fire agency and Mr. Etheridge the Equitable life and the two loan agencies. More recently he has added one or two fire companies to his agency, but his chief business was as indicated above.

A CLOUD.

For some months past the Mercantile Trust company has noted a marked delay and deterioration in the payment of interest due from parties to whom they had made loans through Mr. Etheridge. Mortgages were sent forward to Mr. Etheridge to be foreclosed for non-payment of interest, but proceedings were not commenced. The Trust company, becoming suspicious that all was not right, sent their agent, M. B. McMahon, of New York, to St. Paul to investigate. Mr. McMahon reached the city last Monday, and, without registering, proceeded to make some quiet inquiries. He finally called upon Mr. Etheridge, and was received with an outward show of cordiality, which subsequent developments show must have been a deception and a snare. He found a large number of mortgages in Mr. Etheridge's office which had been returned for foreclosure, as already stated, and asked why they were so held. Mr. Etheridge, with a show of plainness, stated that times were hard and he thought it better to be easy with borrowers, as the property was ample security. This seemed fair, but Mr. McMahon took a few names of supposed delinquents, and calling upon some of them, was confronted with receipts which were signed by Mr. Etheridge. Some of these receipts dated as far back as last May, but no returns had been made at the home office. Up to this time Mr. Etheridge had been going about with Mr. McMahon, showing him property on which loans had been made, etc., but he evidently decided that the game was up when the interest receipts were developed, and on Wednesday evening he left the city.

HIS PROCEEDINGS BEFORE LEAVING.

Mr. Etheridge kept a small account at the Second National bank, occasionally having small loans on his individual account. He also occasionally desired to cash large drafts on the Trust company, having offered drafts to as large an amount, a \$25,000. Mr. Edgerton, the president of the bank, declined to cash any such drafts, but readily passed small drafts. On the 22d inst. he presented a draft for \$350 on the Trust company which was cashed by the bank. On the next day, the 23d, he called at the Second National and said he would take up a couple of small notes he had there aggregating less than \$400. This was done, and some tax title collaterals which he had deposited were returned to him. The same day he presented another draft at the Second National for \$400, which was also cashed. Both of these drafts were passed upon the bank without Mr. Edgerton's knowledge, which accounts for the surrender of the collaterals held by the bank.

Yesterday morning a telegram from New York notified the Second National that payment on the \$350 draft had been refused. Mr. Edgerton took in the situation in an instant, and with great shrewdness he decided to act promptly. He accordingly attached his office and household furniture, and also his horse and carriage, which were at Judd's stable. Shortly before noon yesterday a farmer named McKnight, living twelve miles out in Dakota county, came into the city with a written order for the horse and carriage to be taken to the country for keeping. Before McKnight could get across the bridge Mr. Edgerton had the property attached. McKnight acted very reasonable when he was informed of the situation, and surrendered the property. As he had walked in from his home, Mr. Edgerton kindly sent him back in his own conveyance.

Mr. Etheridge still has between \$100 and \$200 to his credit at the Second National bank, but there are, doubtless, checks out against this. One small check was presented yesterday, but payment was refused. The property which the bank has secured more than covers its loss.

OPERATIONS ELSEWHERE.

As rumor stated that Mr. Etheridge had cashed some large drafts at the Merchants National, a GLOBE reporter called there yesterday afternoon to ascertain the situation. The officers were reticent and declined to give any information. They were not prepared to say whether Mr. Etheridge had fled or not. He had presented some drafts, but they could not tell what loss would be incurred by his transactions, or whether the amount would fall upon them or the Trust Company, if it proved a loss. They were in telegraphic correspondence on the subject and could give no information at present. Outside report places the drafts presented to the Merchants' National at \$24,000, but this is quite likely to prove an exaggerated rumor. The GLOBE has no reliable information that that was the sum obtained.

OTHER PICKINGS.

Mr. Etheridge had interest collections for the Equitable Loan company, payable in New York, Nov. 1, amounting to nearly \$30,000. It is possible that he may have collected that sum as it would only have been a day or two in advance of the time necessary to remit, to have it reach New York by the 1st. If this should prove to be the case, he may have hived \$50,000 previous to his departure. An agent for the Equitable will arrive tomorrow, and the situation with that company will then be ascertained.

WON'T INTERVIEW.

A GLOBE reporter called upon Mr. McMahon

last evening, but he declined to say anything. In fact, he said he had not sufficiently investigated to be in a position to say anything.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

What direction the fugitive took is not known, but it is suspected that he is in Canada and seeking passage for some foreign port. All that is positively known is that he has not been seen in the city since Wednesday night.

His residence at 21 Farrington avenue is in charge of a servant. His wife went to Massachusetts some months ago with the intention of remaining a year. His homestead is encumbered by a mortgage of \$2,500, held by the Trust company for which he was agent.

There are various reports as to the cause of Mr. Etheridge's downfall, but we give no currency to them until an opportunity is given to verify or disprove them. He was not, on outward appearances, a fast man, but on the contrary the reverse. He was an active member of the House of Hope, a Knight Templar, and stood well in every respect in the community.

The GLOBE this morning will convey intelligence which will astonish the city, and great regret will be felt that one so trusted has proven so unfaithful and dishonest.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

Vigorous Warlike Preparations by the Ameer of Afghanistan—Great Demonstration at the Funeral of the Late Cardinal Cullen—The Attempted Assassination of Alfonso Exhibiting His Bravado—The Stockholders of the City of Glasgow Bank Feeling Very Gloomy—The War Feeling Accumulating Force All Over Europe—Items of Greater or Less Concern.

CARDINAL CULLEN'S FUNERAL.

DUBLIN, Oct. 27.—The funeral of Cardinal Cullen took place to day, and was witnessed by 60,000 people, while 10,000 took part in the ceremonies and procession. The body was conveyed from the residence of deceased to the cathedral, where it will remain until Tuesday. The Lord Mayor and corporation five judges, Dr. Isaac Butts and about a dozen other members of parliament, hundreds of priests and a large number of children, assisted in the procession.

AFGHAN WAR PREPARATIONS.

BOMBAY, Oct. 27.—The Times of India says: Fortress Ali Musjid has been reconnoitered, and fifteen guns were seen in position, but the intrenchments are poor. Afghan factories are reported to be actually at work converting muzzle-loading rifles into breech-loaders. It is reported that thirty of the Ameer's troops are dying daily at Jellalabad, and a forcible levy has been ordered.

GETTING POSTED.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says: The Russian General Staff has had printed several thousand copies of the new Afghan-Russian dictionary for use of army officers.

ASIA MINOR REPORTS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 27.—Lord Salisbury has sent a dispatch to Minister Layard, expressing the satisfaction of his majesty's government at the sultan's reply in regard to the British scheme of reform in Asia Minor. Prince Labanoff sent a note to the Porte acknowledging the responsibility of the Russian authorities for Bulgarian excesses, and declaring the Russians will take military measures against the Bulgarians.

TRANSFER ANNOUNCED.

BUCHAREST, Oct. 27.—The Russian governor of Sultcha has proclaimed the transfer of the Dobruzscha to Roumania, and has summoned the natives who are desirous of giving a fitting welcome to the Roumanians to consult Communal authorities in relation to them.

PROTEST AGAINST RUSSIA.

ROME, Oct. 27.—The Fan Fulla reports England has taken the initiative in preparing a protest against Russia's delay in executing the treaty of Berlin; that France is perfectly in accord with England, and that probably Italy and Austria, between whom relations are now very cordial, will join in the protest.

THE GREEK QUESTION.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 27.—The council of ministers has again discussed the Greek question. The majority are in favor of a peaceable arrangement.

NO ACCOMPLICES.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A Madrid dispatch says Moreas, who attempted to assassinate the king, says he had no accomplice. The king, when going out Saturday, received a great ovation from crowds which completely blocked the streets.

RESIGNED TO RESUME THE REINS.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A dispatch from Berlin reports Herr Hoffman, president of the imperial chancery, has tendered his resignation. Emperor William appears determined to resume government instead of spending the winter in Italy, as his physicians advise.

WAR NOTES.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A special from Daijeeling says the expected proclamation of war against the Ameer of Afghanistan will be gazetted shortly, specifying in full the reasons which decided the government to declare war. It is stated a number of border tribes whom the Ameer summoned to Ali Mejid have again dispersed, in consequence of the scarcity of supplies.

A Berlin dispatch says it is expected in Russia if the English occupy the south of Afghanistan the Russians will occupy the north.

A Vienna dispatch reports four companies of Redifs, which were the only Turkish forces in the district, where the Bulgarian rising in Macedonia began, were totally destroyed by the insurgents on the 18th inst. Six battalions have been sent to reinforce the garrison of Serez.

THE REGICIDE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—A Madrid special says Juan Mencia, who attempted to shoot King Alfonso yesterday, was arraigned to-day. When asked, "What was your object in leaving your home on the Mediterranean and coming to the capital?" he replied defiantly, "I came here to kill the king." Mencia was then returned to his cell. He has associated with internationalists since arriving Saturday last. The council of ministers had a protracted session to-day. It is reported the king has requested that Mencia be not executed, but imprisoned for a term of years. Te deums were celebrated to-day in the cathedral and churches of the city. Congratulatory telegrams are received from all parts of the world.

SPECIES.

BERLIN, Oct. 26.—The statement of the Imperial Bank of Germany shows an increase in specie of 885,000 marks.

ON A STRIKE.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—The Masters' and Commissioners' association of Oldham have resolved to reduce wages 10 per cent. The Clyde iron workers will strike against 7½ per cent. reduction of their wages. These iron workers number 20,000.

GLARING FRAUDS.

GENEVA, Oct. 26.—Frauds to a considerable amount in payment of workmen on the St.

Gothard railway have been discovered. The cashier has been arrested and the personnel of his department dismissed.

BRINGING THEM TO TIME.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—The directors of the Colonial Trust corporation are to be arrested for publishing misstatements of the company's condition.

HARD ON THE STOCKHOLDERS.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—It is believed the call for \$2,500 per share will exhaust the means of the smaller shareholders of the City of Glasgow bank and throw the burden of the assessment upon the few wealthy. The assessment will be further increased, as the bank itself held such an amount of its own shares that about four and a half millions of the present call would have been assessed thereon. The first installment of the present call is made payable the 22d of December, and the second the 24th of February. It seems inevitable it will be followed by further and larger calls on those not bankrupted by the present one.

RUSSIA STANDS TO THE BERLIN TREATY.

BERLIN, Oct. 26.—In reply to an inquiry whether Prince Labanoff was authorized to inform the Porte that the evacuation of Turkish territory depended upon the previous ratification of a supplementary treaty, the Russian government denied that it authorized any threat involving an infraction of the treaty of Berlin, and repeated the previous assurances that it proposes to evacuate the occupied territory in accordance with the provisions of that treaty.

ALARMING NEWS.

VIENNA, Oct. 26.—News from Bulgaria is alarming. The notables are organizing a movement for the extermination of the Mohammedans, and Russians encourage the secret committee in procuring arms. A great struggle is likely to take place during the winter.

SLAVERY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 26.—The British minister energetically insists upon the execution of a convention between the Porte and England abolishing the sale and importation of slaves. Layard demands the freedom of the slaves who recently took refuge at the British consulate.

CUSTOMS DUTIES.

Gualata financiers have proposed to the Porte to form the Turkish customs, undertaking to obtain 40 per cent. increase of revenue.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 26.—Baker Pasha has undertaken to complete the fortifications of Constantinople within two months. The Sultan has ordered Osman Pasha and the minister of war to give him the most ample assistance.

POLITICAL POINTS.

The Manifesto of Casey Young to His Constituents in Memphis—Congressional Nominations.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 26.—Hon. Casey Young will publish to-morrow, in the different papers of his district, a card to his constituents, announcing himself a candidate for re-election, of which the following is a synopsis: For more than two months past the public mind has been withdrawn from every other concern and occupied alone in the effort to effect a stay of the ravages of the terrible pestilence which has been preying upon our unfortunate people with such fearful effect, and I have therefore refrained from any effort to direct it to other and less important objects, but now, sensible of the epidemic and hopeful prospects of its speedy disappearance, and the near approach of the elections, it seems to me the impropriety which would, perhaps, have attached to an earlier public declaration of my candidacy for re-election to represent this district in the lower branch of Congress. It is now evident that neither one of the political organizations can have a convention that will in any respectable manner represent the popular will. Hence the usual party methods of selecting candidates for official positions must be abandoned for the more desirable one of a direct appeal to the judgment of the people at the ballot-box. During four years I have been your representative. I believe that my official conduct has met the approval of a very large majority of the people without regard to party, and it has, so far as I know, provoked no unfriendly criticism from any quarter save an occasional complaint, that it has been too temperate and conservative. It is true that I have been moderate in my political views, courteous in my expression, and tolerant toward those who have differed from me in opinion, but I deny that this in any way signifies me for the duties of a good representative or the administration of national affairs. I maintain, on the contrary, that it entitled me to more continued confidence, and the support of a thoughtful, intelligent constituency. The dignified, bearing-wise, conservative statesmanship of Lamar, Gordon, Nicholls, Garland, Hampton and the other great minds of the South has won national respect and confidence, redeemed the States they represent from the vassalage of spoliation that followed the war, restored them to their wonted prestige and equality with their sister commonwealths. The patriotic work wrought by these distinguished leaders, and the mutual effort of the conservative masses of all sections in a constant struggle of twelve years must not be undone in an hour of thoughtless folly by rash counsels, intemperate actions, and especially should it not be done now when party asperities among us are softened by a common sorrow, and when, in the hour of our calamity, patriotic national teachings and the cultivation of fraternal feelings have borne to our lips their golden fruit, in a charity and sympathy so generous and munificent as to know no bounds, save the limits of our misfortunes and necessities. Believing that my return to Congress would not be disastrous to any considerable number of the people of this district, I announce myself a candidate for re-election, and respectfully solicit the support of my fellow-citizens of all parties and of every class. Very respectfully, CASEY YOUNG.

BRAintree, Mass., Oct. 26.—The Greenbacks of the Second Congressional district have nominated Edgar Dean.

GREENFIELD, Mass., Oct. 26.—The Independent movement in the Tenth Congressional district resulted in the nomination of J. C. Parsons.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Congressional nominations: Combined anti-Tammany, Tenth district, James O'Brien; Irving Hall Democracy, Eighth district, Gen. W. W. Averill.

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband in order to offer her consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact; when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him then, by this time."

You cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid for.

WASHINGTON DAY.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?" said Mary Lennox. "It's just exactly like those working people, to go and fall ill just when we need them most. And every napkin in the wash, and not enough table linen to last two weeks. You must be a very poor man, aren't you, grandma, not to have more of such things?"

Old Mrs. Lennox sighed as she rubbed the glasses of her spectacles. "My dear," said she, "I should have had more if I could have afforded them. But times are hard, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before," said Mary, irreverently. "But the question is, grandma, what shall we do about the washing, now that Katrina cannot come?"

Mrs. Lennox heaved another sigh. She was old and rheumatic, and the great piled-up basket of clothes seemed a terrific bugbear before her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she. "But if you girls will help a little about the dinner, I will try and see what I can do. It must be got out, I suppose, and—"

But here a slight, dark-eyed girl, with a clear, olive complexion, and wavy black hair growing low on her forehead, turned from the table, where she was rinsing china.

"You will do nothing of the kind, grandma," said she, as resolutely as if she had been seventy instead of seventeen. "You attempt a day's washing, at your age?"

"But my dear, said grandma Lennox, feebly, 'who will do it?'"

"I will," said the dark-eyed lassie.

"George, I'm surprised at you!" said Mary, "why you never did such a thing in your life!"

"That's no reason I never should."

"But, George, if any one should see you!"

"We don't generally receive company in the kitchen," said George Lennox. "And if any one should come in—"

"Well!"

"If they like my occupation, I shall be very much pleased; if they don't, they are quite at liberty to look the other way!"

And Miss Lennox tied a prodigious crash apron around her, rolled up her sleeves, and resolutely took her stand in front of the wash-bench.

"It seems too bad, my dear, with those little white hands of yours," said old Mrs. Lennox, irresolutely.

"Oh, my hands!" laughed George. "What are they good for, if not to make themselves useful?"

Mary drew herself disdainfully up.

"Well," said she, "I never yet stooped to such a degradation as that!"

"It would be a great deal worse degradation to stand by and let my rheumatic old grandmother do the washing," observed George, with philosophy, as she plunged her hands into the snowy mass of suds.

Old Mrs. Lennox had been left with a perturbed face on the edge of Sionia Lake, and nothing else. And so Mrs. Lennox betrouthled herself to take her slender means by the reception of summer boarders.

In September, when her two grand-daughters had obtained their fortnight's leave of absence from the type-setting establishment in Troy, where they earned their daily bread, they came home for a breath of fresh mountain air, and helped grandma Lennox with her boarders. For there was no girl left at the farm-house and no outside assistance called in, except as German Katrina came once a week to wash and scrub.

"It's drudgery," sighed Mary, who was tall and slender, with a fair complexion, doll-blue eyes, and a Brooklyn dissatisfaction with her lot in life.

"It's fun!" said George, who had no such exalted aspirations, and liked to make such tasks, wash china, and decorate the tea table with flowers.

"You'll hang out these clothes for me, Mary, won't you?" said George, as she flung the last red bordered towel on the top of the clothes-basket, "while I wash the pillow cases?"

"Indeed I shall not," said her sister. "With the Miss Pooles playing croquet in plain sight? Never!"

"Then I must do it myself," said George, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "And—"

But just as she spoke there came a tap at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" cried George, valiantly, while her sister, with burning cheeks, endeavored to hide herself and her occupation of peeling onions behind the big roller towel.

And Mr. Raymond Abbott "walked in" accordingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss George," said he, rather blandly. "I didn't know I should disturb you."

"Oh, you're not disturbing me at all," said George, serenely, resting one dimpled, rosy elbow on the washboard, and looking at him like a practicalized copy of one of Guido's angels, out of a cloud of soapy steam.

"But," he went on, "I was going to ask one of the servants for a basket to bring fish home in."

"I will get it for you with pleasure," said George.

And as she turned to the dresser, her sister answered the puzzled expression of Mr. Abbott's face.

You are surprised to see George doing that?" said she, with a gesture toward the plebeian tub. "And I don't wonder. But it's only for a frolic—a wager. Girls will do such things, you know!"

But George had heard the last words, and turned around with crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"It is not a frolic," said she. "And it's not a wager. It's serious, sober earnest. I am doing the washing because Katrina has sprained her ankle, and there's no one else but grandma to do it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Abbott. "And can't I help you?"

"Yes," George promptly answered. "You can carry that basket of clothes out to the bleaching ground for me."

"The George!" exclaimed her sister, as Mr. Abbott cheerily shouldered the load and strode away in the direction indicated by George's pointing finger.

"He asked me," said George. "I shouldn't have asked him!"

"Judge Abbott's son groaned Mary. "The richest man in Bullston!" He'll never ask you to go out rowing on the lake with him again."

But the reappearance of the gentleman in question put a stop to the discussion.

"Miss George," said he, "I would have hoisted them upon the rigging for you, but the wind takes 'em off so."

"That's because you needed the clothes," said George, handing them to him with alacrity.

"Couldn't you come and help?" said Mr. Abbott, wistfully. "Two can manage so much better than one."

"Oh, I'll come and help," said George, "and be glad to get my clothes out drying."

She tied on her small gingham sun-bonnet, and ran out into the yellow September sunshine, while Mary burst out crying with mingled vexation and anger.

"I shall never get over the disgrace of it in the world," she said—"never, never! George has no dignity—no proper pride! No; don't speak to me, grandma, or I shall say something dreadful! I declare I've a mind never to own her as a sister again!"

"Have you finished the washing?" said Mr. Raymond Abbott.

"Yes, I've finished it," said George Lennox. "But I shouldn't like to earn my living as a laundress. It's very tiresome business."

George was "cooling off" under the shadow of the frost gravestones in the woods, with a book in her hand, and the curly locks

blown back from her pretty Spanish forehead.

Mr. Abbott looked admiringly down on her. All his life long, his experience had lain among the smiling, artificial dolls of conventional society. He had admired George Lennox the first time he had ever seen her; but that day's experience of her frank, true nature had given depth and earnestness to the feeling.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "do you know what I have been thinking of since we hung out those towels and table cloths together?"

"Haven't the least idea," said unconscious George, fanning herself with two grape-leaves pinned together with a thorn.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that I should like my wife to be just such a woman as you are."

"A washerwoman?" said George, trying to laugh off her blue-eyes.

"I am quite in earnest, George," he said, leaning over her. "Dear George, will you be my wife?"

"But I am only a working-girl," said ingenious George, beginning to tremble all over and half inclined to cry. "We are type-setters, Mary and I, and we are very poor."

My own love, you are rich in all that heart could wish! pleaded Abbott, taking both her hands in his; "and I want you for my own!"

Raymond Abbott had fancied George Lennox when he saw her playing croquet, a pale pink muslin, with a tear-drop in her hair; but the divine flame of love first stirred in his heart when she looked at him through the vapory clouds of the wash tub—Guido's angel folding her wings in a farm house kitchen.

Just so curiously are romance and reality blended together in the world.

A Late Garden.

In my autumn garden I was fain
To mourn among my scattered roses;
Alas for that last rose which unclosed
To autumn's languid sun and rain,
When all the world is on the wane!
Which has not felt the sweet constraint of
June,
Nor heard the nightingale in tune.

Broad-faced asters by my garden-walk,
Your foot coarse compared with rose;
More clover, more dear than rosebud which
uncloses

Faint-scented, pinched-up its stalk,
That least and last which cold winds balk;
A rose it is, though least and last of all,
A rose to me, though at the fall.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

A TERRIBLE GANG.

The Red Warriors of Louisiana—Knownothingism Revived.

The New Orleans Democrat publishes an exposure of an alleged secret organization controlling the national party of that State and imbued with the spirit which characterized the know-nothing in '66. Its ostensible heads are E. North Cullom and H. C. Castellanos, Congressional candidates from the first and second districts. It is guided by George L. Smith, collector of customs; Thomas C. Anderson, formerly of the returning board; Madison Wells, of the returning board; Henry C. Dibble, A. J. Dumont, resident of the Republican State central committee; J. L. and P. F. Herwig, deputy collectors of customs; J. R. G. Pitkin, ex-United States marshal; R. M. J. Kenner, of the returning board; Louis Jones, appraiser of customs; J. H. Sypher, ex-Congressman; W. L. Evans, ex-recorder; Simeon Beiden, ex-United States district attorney; Richard Devonshire, ex-clerk of the United States court; Alfred Bourgeois, ex-criminal sheriff; Senator C. F. Stamps, Thomas A. Jenks, husband of the Jenks, and A. R. Murdock, her brother; George B. Loud, deputy collector of internal revenue; J. Q. A. Fellows; W. R. Fish, editor of the Republican; L. A. Sheldon, ex-Congressman; R. O. Herbert, candidate against Acklen; Dr. J. F. Gardner, national candidate for treasurer, and the leading Republican in twenty-four parishes of the State.

It was organized in 1877, was oath-bound, and had tokens to distinguish members, who were sworn not to deal with any man not possessing one. Merchants were compelled to pay a royalty for the privilege of exhibiting tokens in their stores, on their bills, etc. It now embraces all the national party, the leaders of the Republican party, the entire so-called native American party, a number of sore-head Democrats, and about four thousand negroes in this city alone. A number of merchants and professional men of prominence, who formerly were Democrats, are embraced.

The oath taken is briefly as follows: Am a native of the United States, pledged to support none but members of the association for political purposes, to give work and employment only to such in the event of being elected or appointed to office; to keep in all transactions, etc., strictly secret under penalty of death; any member who shall use the association for any other purpose shall be expelled, and other offenses are to be dealt with as the council may direct.

A secret committee of five is constituted to inflict such punishment upon offenders as they may direct.

The association has already nominated an entire ticket, with Castellanos and Collum as Congressional candidates, in place of Ellis and Gibson; R. S. Howard, a merchant, for mayor, and others for subordinate positions.

The above is a summary of the organization. Among the financial supporters are all the custom-house officials. The object of the secret organization is to carry the election at all hazards, and for this purpose there is a number of minor organizations, styled the Red Warriors, bound by the strictest penalties

Mosquito Song.

I come from haunts in marshy land
I make a sudden sally,
I buzz and sing, with hisprightly wing,
Through thoroughfare and alley,
My merry play is not for day,
I'm sticking to the wall then;
But when in bed you lay your head,
No idler I'm at all then.

come in frosts, and no man boasts
He feels but one proboscis;
His flesh I sting while others sing
And watch the stinging process
He snaps, he flaps, he slaps and claps,
But vain is all his cursing;
By -pauk on flank, or cranky yank,
His fate he's not reversing.

My legs down-dangle in the air,
My goggle-eyes they stick out;
I breathe you on the nose, and then
Your angry legs you kick out.
You burn, you turn, you burn nor learn
That while you thus are kicking,
A dozen of us settled down
And glad begin our picking.

Oh, hark! Oh hear! how thin and clear
My elfin horn is blowing;
At early morn your horn, my friend,
Will charmingly be growing.
I munch, I munch, I punch, I crunch,
I fly up to the ceiling;
To howls or growls or howls these bowls
Of mine are void of feeling.

A STORY OF NICARAGUA.

"Those peons who went with me," began Barbier, "had been traders in Mosquito, and spoke both Rama and Woolwa. Person and I knew nothing of them. We picked the brigands up while prospecting in the woods. They declared they could guide us to workings not far off in the Indian country, where nuggets lie like pebbles on a sea beach; and Person and I resolved to go with the fellows at any risk. I spent my last dollar in buying presents which they said were necessary, and we set out. The peons led us straight enough for six days, talking all the time of their discovery, and of the way we'd spend our gold. We passed several Rama villages, where the Indians looked askance at us but gave no trouble. They were just like those we see here sometimes, except that they weren't drunk—big headed fellows, who watch you through the corners of their eyes as long as they can keep awake, without saying a word.

"After six days the guides brought us to a path two feet in breadth, I dare say. On striking it the rascals showed themselves very content, and chattered in some baragouage of their own, like crows at a feast. 'We are coming to the place,' they said, and presently we reached a village bigger than any we had seen, containing, perhaps, two thousand inhabitants, and a king. Except for size, it didn't differ from the others. His Rama majesty lived in a hut, surrounded by pigsties for the royal consorts. He was effusive, ma foi! took out presents without a word, but with a look very unsuccessful if it was meant to show gratitude. But nobody interferred with us, and, as far as the peons chose to tell, nobody asked what we wanted. They let us rebuild a hut that had tumbled to ruin, and after a few days no one seemed to trouble about us. The peons said we ought to stop a day or two to disarm suspicion, while they looked round. If we had hidden in the woods, for certain the Ramas would have discovered and murdered us. I did not see clear, but they appeared to know what they were about, and our lives hung on a thread.

"I had already begun to think that the peons were not acting square. They talked too much in their barbarous patois, and disputed warmly. Our friend Person was one of those fellows who believed that six foot of fool's flesh will carry itself through anything. One could not advise with him.

"After looking innocent a day or two, we took our guns and our panikins early one morning, and set off into the woods. The peons led us to a little creek, where with infinite precaution, they washed a little mud. Such a show was there in the cup that Person cried, 'You brought it with you, you rascals!' 'Come and try for yourselves!' they said, climbing up the bank; and we did so. We washed, and found more than they. 'Notre fortune est faite,' cried we. 'Let us talk,' said one of the peons.

"We sat down on the bank, all four. 'This is nothing,' began the eldest, Miguele. 'Before we could wash out fifty ounces the Ramas would be upon us. They know so well that they don't trouble. If we escaped this king, he'd raise the country. It wasn't worth while to come so far to lose our heads, and we two could have managed that without your aid!'

"I was furious with disappointment. Person sat staring like a bull before a fence. But Miguele had not done.

"For centuries," said he, "the Indians have been picking up gold here and in other places known to them. They think gold sacred, and he who finds a nugget is believed to be favored by the gods. Listen! They have a cartload stored in their temple. That's what Salvador and I risked our lives for."

"Will they fight for it?" I asked.

"Certainly, if they catch us."

"And how shall we get away with the plunder?"

"Salvador and I have thought of that. The question is, are you with us?"

"It was wholesale murder he intended. I saw that in the brigand's face. I am not more particular than others, but the idea did not present itself to me in attractive colors. Besides, it was a terrible risk. Efin, we will talk of this again!" I said.

"That can't be allowed," said Salvador, a brute of a fellow, who counted his murders, I should think, as girls count lovers. 'We hang together!' Then I noticed that these coquins had got possession of our arms whilst we washed in the brook.

"Person cried but, 'Did you say there was a cartload of gold in the temple? Then I'm with you, to live like a prince

or die like a thief.' I added, 'And I also! for when Person went over, it was stupid to hesitate. In a flash of intelligence I saw then what the disputes had been about. Salvador wished to kill me on the road.

"We went back to the village, our late servants carrying the firearms. That night they told us the plan. Next full moon brought with it the great Indian feast of the year, between harvest and seed time. Everybody in the village would be drunk, for these Ramas, when at home, don't allow themselves the joy of intoxication more than once a quarter; but then they take a fit of it. Only a few priests would be left on guard at the temple, which stood in a very lonely place some miles off. There was a reasonable chance that they would also take the opportunity of enjoying themselves. No one would be likely to visit the spot, after the first ceremonies were over, for a week or more. Even if one of the attendants should escape, Miguele declared that everybody in the village would be too drunk to understand his tale, except the boys and women. A river flowed beneath the temple, by which one could escape to Bluefields with the gold, and there was always a score of canoes lying on the bank. The peons' scheme had been carefully thought out, and it promised success.

"We were not to go near the place until the time arrived. Meanwhile we hung about, looking innocent; but if ever a man carried his conscience in his face I was he. It was quite plain that those ruffians didn't trust me, and they clung to my arms. What for? That was the question I asked myself.

"The days dragged through slowly enough, but they passed too quick. The women were busy as ants, making drink, laying in provisions, looking up their husbands' robes. It was then our privilege to see Ramas wide awake, but they did not appear to greater advantage. When the Indian is sleepy, he throws things at his wife and often misses; but when roused to a sense of manhood by a prospect of drink, he stands up and pounds her like clay. They are brave, these Ramas, but they are dead to the feeling of chivalry. It almost reconciled me to the idea of killing a few, to observe what brutes they are.

"The day arrived at last. At midnight before, the king and all his warriors left the town. Miguele told us that they had gone to the temple, there to offer up a baby or two; I felt more and more like an executioner handsomely paid for doing retributive justice. At dawn they returned and the farce began. It is expected as a compliment from strangers that they should go into the street and admire the king's greatness; so we went first marched a score of priests clad in mantles made entirely of geuzel feathers; some of which were so old and moth-eaten as to show generations of wear. After them came a lot of wild Indians, full-dressed in a leopard's tail apiece, making noises on a sort of flute—the thighbone of an enemy, Miguele declared. Three or four hundred howling youths pressed upon them, brandishing spears and machetes. Then came the warriors, dressed like demons, coronets of feathers on their heads, cape and waist-cloth of the same, and long strips of gaudy plumage trailing on the ground. They danced and sang, rattling spears. Those few who had guns fired without ceasing. They held the piece at arm's length, tumbled head over heels with the recoil, and sprang up again to load like men of India rubber. The royal consorts marched next, fifty or so, dancing before the monarch; their feather headdress and mantles worn like angels wings enfolding a devil. A few old men followed, bent with wisdom, and tottering with experience, and then the king, dressed from head to foot in crests of humming-birds, with long feathers of the guetzel worked in here and there like an untidy fringe. After him, all the gamins of the village passed by, yelling as hard as they could.

"It may be well to explain in a parenthesis—seeing that the politics of Mosquito are not things generally known—that King George is the supreme monarch of these Indians. By-the-by, this naked rascal alone, amongst earthly potentates, enjoys the privilege of quartering the Union Jack upon his flag. It was presented to him, I believe, by Charles II, when the Mosquito savages were vastly useful in our buccaneering wars.

"Everything had gone just as the infernal cunning of our villains wished. We strolled back to our hut. The fun had begun already, and warriors staggered about in every stage of pious intoxication. One might have supposed the town bombarded, so fast and furious was the discharge of guns. A spear whizzed between Salvador and myself, and stuck in a wall quivering and grating. Person had his beard singed with the flame of a musket. It was time to pack, and we went. The live stock was running in fright towards the jungle, and we caught several chickens and a kid.

"The forest was still dripping with dew when we entered it. A difficult march all round the village lay before us; for we had struck the woods just opposite to our proper course. Miguele guided us without a fault. The most desperate joviality was reigning in the village, which lay close on our left hand all day. When we came upon the farm grounds, walking grew easier; but the afternoon had far advanced before Miguele lighted upon the path we sought. 'Now,' said he, 'keep a look-out for your lives. It's a hundred chances nobody comes by; but if an Indian should appear do you fools try to look as if you were taking a promenade. I'll account for him!' He still kept my gun and pistol.

"We met no one. Dusk settled on the woods, whilst it was still broad daylight in the open. We camped for the second time and ate our stolen kid. When the moon rose, Miguele called us. I had taken an opportunity to sound Person

whilst the peons slept, but he was as mad for the plunder as they.

"We traveled two miles in the forest so high and so thick the moonbeams could hardly reach our path. A span of light filtered through them, scarce bigger than a glow-worm's lamp where it dropped. By the glimmer reflected from above, we followed Salvador, who crept cautiously along. Miguele came last. As we went duskily, stealing from turn to turn of the path, I knew what it is to be a robber and assassin. Comrades, this sensation is not agreeable.

"Suddenly Salvador came to a halt. 'The temple is there!' muttered Miguele behind me, and we crept into the bus. whilst Salvador reconnoitered. He returned once presently, and took Person by the arm, whispering—we followed. Before us, hidden among trees that met above its roof, stood a low dark building of logs on a mound. I could see little of its size and shape, for all was dim; a red glow shone betwixt the timbers, as of a smouldering fire inside; a sickly smell hung on the air.

"We stole up, mounted the steps of turf, and peered through the chinks. A fire on the ground showed partitions of skin-hangings. Between the shadows they cast black, shapeless things glimmered under the walls. Two men lay asleep before the fire, their bracelets glistered. When we had looked long and carefully, Miguele drew us apart and whispered. We went round, and two on each side, to seek other crevices. I thought for a moment of slipping away into a bush, but what would be the good of that? The Indians would catch me or I would starve.

"All was dark around the temple, and we learned nothing. There might be a score of priests inside, but Miguele thought it unlikely; in any case he was determined to risk it. After two or three words we crept to the door again, and groped long for the fastening. None could be found. By a whisper and a clasp of the hand, Miguele directed us to put our shoulders to the wood. We did so. 'Now!' he muttered, and with a crash the door gave way.

"I felt back! The sleeping men sprang to their feet with a howl. Salvador cut one down, but the Indian gripped him by the naked heel in his teeth; the other got Person by the throat. Miguele ran his machete through him, but he held on until the giant flung him bodily against the wall, toppling the idols down with a rattle. Then the others turned to Salvador, who was yelling with pain and fear. But suddenly an awful boom! The great drum of the temple rang out, seeming to rock the solid walls. Miguele leaped towards the sound; Salvador and Person struggling with the Indian, dragged him across the fire, which threw up a fountain of sparks as the red-hot embers scattered; a reek of burning skin and feathers choked us, but all was still now. 'A light!' cried Miguele, hoarsely. 'In twenty minutes the Indians will be here!'

"Salvador paused with the match in his hand, whispering, 'Hush!' A faint humming noise reached our ears. 'Quick, hombre!' cried Miguele. 'It is the river.' But as he spoke, a roar and a yell announced the Indians. They had followed us! I rushed out and round the temple. The path was full of them, hurrying and shouting. Their spear-points glittered. Person, I think, was after me but a huge warrior pinned him in the dusk. At the other end of the building the path opened. I could just see it. I ran along, leaving the din of hell behind. Half a dozen pistol shots rang above the Indians' yelling, and then all was over with those assassins.

"I ran fifty yards, and came to a river suddenly. It flowed clear and white as glass in the moonbeams, but a black shadow of the forest on each side bounded it. Half a dozen canoes lay near by with paddle inside. I sprang into one cut the rattan fastening, and dropped down under the bank. But what man or what crew could escape Mosquito Indians in the water? As soon as they got a light they would miss me, and then I was caught, as sure as death. I pushed across the moonlit water, and paddled up. There was a bend just above the boat place, and I had just passed it when the Indians came running down. I caught a branch, and lay still. Shouting to each other, they leaped into canoes, and shot down the channel like a flash. No one thought of searching up stream, for where could a man fly but toward Bluefields? A loud and angry throng remained on the bank, and I could see how drunk they all were. Before the boats had passed beyond sight, some began to stagger back. Presently the big drum sounded again, and the rest followed. It was life or death. Pulling cautiously by the branches, I went up. Long before I got out of hearing a horrid noise proclaimed that the Indian women had reached the spot.

"That was Barbier's story!" continued the old digger. "He had a fearful time in the woods, as you may suppose, seeing an Indian in every bush. As near as he could calculate, it took him four weeks to reach Libertad. Fortunately, he was carrying the bag of charqui, and so he did not starve."

"Did the Ramas come after him to Libertad?" I asked.

"No. We heard nothing of them."

"Frankly, now, Barbachella," I said after a long pause, "do you believe the story? Didn't any of the diggers think it strange that there should be an Indian village within six days of Libertad, where the value of gold is not known?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Barbachella meditatively. "A responsible man would not be hasty to say what there is or there isn't in the forests of Mosquito. But there was some who looked askance at Barbier when he came back from the woods one day with a bag of dust—which don't grow on trees in Chontales—and paid his debts and said he was going home. A washerwoman swore she'd seen

him crossing the brook with a heavy load. And they talked after he'd gone, how his saddle-bags were heavier than a mule could carry. It's generally thought in Libertad—I may say as much as that—that if there was any truth in Barbier's story, he did not tell the whole of it, and that he ought to be hanged if there isn't. Anyway, he had better not come to Libertad again."—*All The Year Round.*

FOR THE SAKE OF LOVINGNESS.

"I will do it mamma, for the sake of lovingness," said a little five-year old, when requested to perform an act for her mother; and the remark set me to thinking of another maiden ten summers old, who seemed to have lived her whole life for the same purpose. From the time my story commences, until she was laid at rest beneath the soft eyed violets, only a few summers ago.

Such a lovely girl as Eva Bingham was at the age of fifteen! One might fancy as he gazed in her face, that her eyes had caught, and would forever hold, the color of the blue-bells that grew close to the brook flowing over mossy stones bordered with delicate ferns that grew in the shadows of pine-clad hills on either side. The wild rose was scarcely more charming in its tints than the color that bloomed on her cheeks. And her hair! It was a crowning glory to her head, as it fell in golden ripples down to her slender waist. "Mother's comfort," the invalid mother had been wont to call her, as she patiently performed the rude and laborious tasks in a pioneer's home. Her father had left the Granite state and settled with his family in a log cabin in central Wisconsin, although their home scarcely deserved the name of cabin, after the Virginia creeper planted by Eva's hands had made such close acquaintance with the bark on the logs, for the climbing rose had kept close company as if to show what good results could be accomplished in the way of coloring, when Nature chose to exert herself. Some simple, tender pictures in rustic frames hung on the walls within, which were as white as time could make them.

For the sake of lovingness thoughts of ribbons were denied, that the money might bring added comforts for the invalid mother, for pin money was a very scarce article in that home. And as the spirit of denial grew in her heart, until at the age of eighteen, when the dying mother requested her to care for the five-year old sister and two older brothers, she put aside the prospect of a deeper happiness, and faithfully made the promise.

After the funeral rites were over the young minister, her lover, came to the home of Eva to comfort her with words of love, and precious promises. There Eva told him of her promise. "You were right my darling," he said, tenderly taking her two small hands in his own. "I am sure the parsonage will be large enough for us all; and now how soon may I care for you as my very own?"

"Harry, do you know, dear," Eva said, trying to speak cheerfully, that it cannot be just yet; perhaps not for some time to come? Please don't," she pleaded, he tries to interrupt her. "I know your love for me would make you quite willing to undertake the burden, but I should not be true to you—nor myself—if I permitted you to assume so much for my sake. We are far from rich, and the anxiety it would cause you might seriously interfere with your higher duties."

"But I need you so, pleaded the lover. 'You are so true and tender, such an earnest Christian, and, he added in a lower tone, 'I love you so.'

"If I am a Christian," she replied. "I must strive to do what I know to be my duty. And Harry, please remember, it is for the sake of lovingness, too, to my dead mother, you, and the children." The lover was silenced—could offer no more entreaties, but only words of love and comfort, and a fervent prayer for blessing and holy guidance to his promised wife.

"For the sake of lovingness," he repeated softly to himself on his way home. When she says that, she means so much. It is the guiding spirit of her life. Ah! that, I may grow more worthy of her," he sighs, as he unlocks the door of his little home, which now he thought must wait long before love comes to brighten it.

How Eva missed the pale patient face of the invalid mother as she followed her accustomed round of duties. But she had little leisure for grief. Hattie dear baby, kept her constantly employed when her other duties were performed.

Ned and Willie were in school these winter days. Clothes must be kept in repair. Father must be talked to and read to, and Harry Allen took good care that Eva's love for books should be supplied. No time for sleigh-rides and merry makings to this young house-wife who accepted life's cares so gravely. I would never do to neglect the children, and so the seasons came and went, until she had reached her twenty-seventh year. Then the father was laid beside the mother in the little church-yard. The boys were in college, and Hattie was now almost a young lady.

"Now, surely, dear, you may come to me," pleaded Harry. He had remained to us all these years. "You can come and bring Hattie with you," he urged as they entered the home which was no longer a log cabin, but a neat and cozy farm house. "Yes," she replied, slowly, looking trustfully in his brown eyes, "for the sake of lovingness I will."

Then they were married and settled in the little brown parsonage at last. "Mine forever," Harry whispered, drawing her closer to his breast, as they stood in the vine clad porch. "Until death do us part," she repeated solemnly.

"Heaven grant that day may be far distant," said the husband, kissing her reverently and tenderly.

This was in September, 1860. This member how a nation thrilled with the cry to arms. How from the Atlantic to the Pacific went up the slogan cry of war, flow husbands, fathers, lovers, and even callow youth rushed to the front in the struggle for supremacy between those whom the ties of brotherhood and nationality should have kept fast friends.

Even the western minister, who so long and lovingly waited for his wife after long and earnest prayers, saw where duty pointed, and as chaplain of the 1st Reg men: marched where duty called in the thickest of the fight, when blood was flowing most freely; where cannon shot and shell had torn the ranks; where the saucy and bayonet had done their ghastly work; where the prayers of dying men mingled with groans of the wounded, there was this servant of God always found, ministering to the dying, tenderly assisting the wounded, always pointing to love that endureth forever. He seemed to have a charmed life, and hesitated never in the performance of his duty. Beloved by all, cherished in the hearts of even the roughest of the soldiery, they were always gentle, always reverent in his presence.

Would he escape uncathed? Ah, no! It was not to be. One day during the progress of a terrible battle he was stricken down by a fragment of shell, dying so suddenly that he had only time to murmur to a comrade who rushed to his assistance: "Tell my wife he whispered, 'I have tried to do my duty for God and my country.'

Buried by rough but loving hands, he rests far from his home, in a sunny clime where the Cherokee rose and the passion flower cover his grave.

Poor, loving and tender wife at home! After the first great grief had passed, she said: "Whom have I here to care for now? Why should I not do what I can in the field, now he has gone? The sick need help. That I may give. He has died for lovingness, I may live to supply his place, though it be in another way from his." In hospitals where soldiers lingering with mortal wounds died, the ministering words of comfort were sure to be heard. Where the delirium of fever kept the wounded soldier tossing to and fro, her soft hands cooled the fevered brow and soothed the sufferer to calmer slumber. None could prepare a daintier broth from so simple means than the minister's wife. None could dress a wound with less pain to the sufferer. Whenever she went, rough men became soft; eyes looked tenderly on her; patience and resignation followed her footsteps.

So passed months and years. For the sake of "lovingness," neither labor seemed to weary her, nor long watching to find her asleep. Self-sacrificing always, as the years passed a halo seemed to follow her. Knowing her duty for the sake of duty, and for loving kindness she performed her task. Her "lovingness" brought peace and comfort to many weary forms, and pointed many dying lives to the heaven beyond the grave.

At length peace was declared, and she who had devoted her life to others returned home—now desolate indeed.

Did she repine?

No! The property was gone; absorbed in paying the expenses of her long absence from home, and in gifts to the needy. But the kind friends lent her a helping hand, and she was soon again employed in the routine duties of home life.

But not for long.

She who had all her life been an angel of mercy must be so still. She was called to labor in a great city, for the destitute and suffering. So, for "lovingness" she worked on year by year, until at length the angel called her. Her life work ended, tender and loving fingers closed her eyes in her adopted home.

She was indeed at rest; at rest in Heaven.

I have written this little story of a sweet life to show how much can be done in a spirit of love and duty. Others may have their lives cast in various places, but if all labor for the sake of friends and humanity, how much misery might be prevented, how much done to alleviate sufferings and make us better for our having lived. These blessed words: Now welcome at last. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Faith Granger.*

"Here I am Again."

The Florence (Arizona) Citizen says: Once more the stage from Tucson has been stopped and plundered by a single high wayman. The stage left Tucson with two passengers, and as it happened Arthur Hill was again the driver. John Miller, one of the passengers, was sitting on the outside, and as they neared the point of the mountain he asked Mr. Hill to show him just the place where the coach was robbed on July 31. Mr. Hill replied that it was only a short distance ahead, and he would point out the spot.

They reached the place. "There," said Mr. Hill, "the robber was hid behind that bush." Mr. Miller nodded, "and there he is again," shouted the driver with the same breath, as the same masked robber sprang from behind the same bush and pranced before the horses shouting, "Yes, here I am again, throw up your hands," etc. The surprise of the gentleman on the box can easily be imagined. In fact, there is a decidedly ludicrous side to this "stage of the game," or game of the stage, or the same stage robber, or—but more serious incidents follow. The mail sacks and express box were thrown out. The man on the inside lost about \$5; but Mr. Miller was more unfortunate; he was obliged to give up his pocket-book which contained about \$226.

You think you may know the ropes completely, but a pretty girl can get you on a string any day.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

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BENJAMIN F. SLAUGHTER.
House of Representatives.
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District Attorney.
JOHN A. STOEYELL.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
Treasurer.
W. B. WATSON.
Register of Deeds.
JOHN H. RICHARDS.
Superintendent of Schools.
JUSTUS BRAGG.
County Surveyor.
CHAS. W. THOMPSON.
Assessor.
PATRICK MALLOY.
County Commissioners.
FRANK DONNELLY.
JOHN YEGAN.
JOSEPH HARE.
Judge of Probate.
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Colonel.
DR. JOHN QUINLIN.
Justices of the Peace.
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Constables.
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A. H. MYERS.
CITY.
Mayor.
GEO. PROPLES.
Treasurer.
D. I. BAILEY.
City Clerk.
MICHAEL O'SHEA.
Marshal.
MIKE MCCLELLAN.
City Justice.
GEO. GLASS.
ALDERMEN.
First Ward.
JOS. DIETRICH.
S. F. LAMBERT.
Second Ward.
R. R. WARD.
JOHN WRALEN.
Third Ward.
THOS. MCGOWAN.
MICHAEL POWERS.

BISMARCK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30, 1878.

JUDGE Bennett passed through Bismarck during the early part of the week on his way to his home in Iowa.

What would be really necessary to read the bulk of the Dakota radicals out of the Republican party would be less Bennett and more Club.

REPUBLICANS desiring permission to re-enter the Radical ranks will do well to apply to Mr. John A. Rea, alias the Bismarck Bennett Club, before going elsewhere.

It will not be necessary for Judge Bennett to speak again in Bismarck. The Democrats have heard him, and the Republicans don't care to hear him again. He needs rest, and we won't trouble him again.

At a meeting of the County Central Democratic committee, held this morning, it was agreed to substitute the name of James A. Emons for Ansley Gray, as Democratic candidate for the Territorial House.

ALTHOUGH carefully avoiding even the appearance of meddling in the local political contest, THE TRIBUNE unhesitatingly pronounces itself warmly in favor of one short ticket: For Chairman, Mr. Dennis Hannafin.

It has been asserted that the Coal Bank over in Morton County, would poll an immense fraudulent vote. This is denied by Republicans and Democrats, and there is no doubt that both parties will work for an honest election, whatever the result.

REPUBLICAN Bennett and Republican Spencer don't seem to agree exactly upon what constitutes a carpet bagger. That is the only point of difference between them. The majority of the Republicans of Dakota agree with both in their opinion of each other.

COME Spencer: the "pharisee and the fraud" says you don't like him because he wouldn't let you play skulduggery on him in a mining injunction case. This is a reflection on the United States Senate of which you have been whom. You are needed at the front.

Messrs. Parker, Claggett and Cunningham will please take notice that under the late decision of the Bismarck Bennett Club, they no longer belong to the Republican party. True Republicanism now finds exemplars only in the ranks of the Bennett club, which reduces the exponents

of Radicalism in the Territory to about six in number. The club is entitled to credit for patriotism any way for its remarkable and successful efforts in killing the party.

On Judge Bennett's confession all his property is in Iowa and Chicago, and every cent he has saved since he has been in Dakota has gone to pay for that property. It will scarcely be necessary to elect him to Congress. His interests in the States will keep him busy.

BENNETT's strongest point in his whole speech was when he went for Spencer whom he accused of being afraid to go back to the State he represents. It is when these carpet baggers from the States meet on Territorial ground that the hair flies and and truth comes out.

The Democrats must certainly find themselves in bad shape when they resort to such tricks as attempting to buy up our Republican delegates to the county convention to place in nomination a man whom they know to be the weaker of the two.—Black Hills Times.

And in what a bad shape the Republican party must be when it will select delegates who can be bought up.

"REPUBLICANS, you, who are honest in your convictions and support the best man rather than tie yourselves down to the party nomination of a fraud, you are enemies to the cause of the Republican party, and deserve our unqualified censure."—Bismarck Bennett Club.

REPORTS from the Red River Valley show that Bartlett Tripp is growing stronger daily and that the eastern range is coming to the front almost solid for the Democratic candidate. The only question for Mr. Bennett to solve now is whether he will get a hatfull of votes all told.

In another column will be found the annual report of the city justice. At the last session of the council THE TRIBUNE was ordered to publish also the reports of the city treasurer and marshal, but the city clerk has not furnished them, which is the THE TRIBUNE's excuse for not presenting them.

CONSIDERABLE space is devoted to-day to the infernal nonsense preached by Bennett Monday night, and the space is worth it. Bennett showed up himself and his brother Radical, Spencer, and THE TRIBUNE can't get out any better campaign document against these gentry than to print what they say about one another.

"The commissioner of the land office is my personal friend, and the people of Dakota can't get anything of a Republican administration unless it be through Me." Thus Bennett. As the people of Dakota are not in the habit of weakening under threats, it is extremely probable that the commissioner of the land office will not find his friendship for Judge Bennett overstrained by the latter's official impositions.

"TRIPP says you can't get anything of the Democratic party except through a Democratic delegate. Now I tell you that you can't get anything from a Republican administration except through Me," observed Mr. Bennett in his speech. This would seem to put us outside fellows in the position of a cat in hell without claws were it not for the fact that the next administration won't be Republican. Guess we had better elect a Democrat, if it is a question of influence, and let Mr. Bennett go back to his property in the states. He needs rest.

Resolved, That the so-called Republican leaders, who have announced themselves as enemies of Judge Granville G. Bennett, are enemies to the cause of the Republican party, and merit our unqualified censure.—Bismarck Bennett Club Platform.

This will be cheerful reading for the majority of the Republicans in the Territory. When a local club becomes sufficiently strong to read the best Republicans in Dakota out of the party because they denounce the rotten borough system and refuse to support and alien, it is time to form a stuffed club wherewith to meet it at the polls.

It must have been humiliating to the Bismarck Bennett Club when its members were compelled to sit silent and hear their candidate beg a Democratic audience for votes. For him they had closed the doors of the Republican shack against the best Republicans in the Territory, to find out, too late for amendment, that their patron saint had no faith in the club, but relied solely on his piteous prayers for the votes of the Democracy. It is to be hoped that this will be a lesson to Bismarck Republicans and that hereafter they will examine the "leader" before combining against their own party for his support.

News and Notes.

King Alfonso was shot at and missed. Iowa's Republican majority was only 9389.
The St. Vincent R. R. extension is within five miles of Pembina.
Ice is running in the Red River and navigation is about closed.
Wendell Phillips has come out for Butler for governor of Massachusetts.
William H. Vanderbilt has bought

Maud S, four-year old, for \$21,000. Time 2:17 1/4. Original cost to seller \$350.

Donnelly spoke at Moorhead last night. He is making a rousing campaign.

The Manhattan Savings Bank, of New York City, was the victim of an astounding robbery on last Friday night. The robbers captured the janitor and forced him to open the safe. It is a rule with New York banks to permit the janitors to have the combinations to the vaults. The result in this instance was the surrender to the robbers of over three million dollars in cash, government bonds, and other negotiable securities. The robbers are still in the woods.

GREELEY'S TRIUMPH.

Extension of Telegraphic Communication in the Northwest.

It has been determined, upon the report of Lt. A. W. Greeley, to build this fall, and as speedily as possible, the telegraph line from Fort Custer to Fort Ellis. Thanks to the energy and brains of Lt. Greeley there will be telegraphic communication with central Montana before the 1st of February. With an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars this officer will build, equip, and pay for operating, this year, a telegraph line nine hundred miles long. Already he has in operation the line to Buford, a distance of two hundred and eight miles. From Buford to Keogh, one hundred and forty-five miles, more than half the poles are set, and the work of stringing the wire is going ahead at a rate that will insure telegraphic communication with Keogh inside of two weeks. From Keogh to Deadwood, 190 miles, the line is completed, and from Crook City to Camp Ruhlen a loop of twenty miles will be constructed. From Keogh to Custer, a distance of 125 miles, the work is progressing finely and will be completed in three weeks. From Custer to Ellis the distance is 225 miles. Detachments from Keogh and Ellis have been ordered out to dig the holes on the Ellis branch as quickly as possible. The frost will push that job. After the holes are dug the balance of the work can be executed in spite of the weather. The entire length of wire tributary to Bismarck and bringing business with it, will be 913 miles.

A Lecture on Custer.

Capt. John L. Taylor, a lawyer from Yankton, who has been in the employ of the government here, at Lincoln and Standing Rock, for some months past, has been prevailed upon by friends and acquaintances here to deliver his popular lecture on Custer. It is to take place to-morrow evening, Thursday the 31st, at the Presbyterian church. Mr. Taylor should have a full house on that occasion, as the subject is one in which the people of Bismarck are much interested, and from the notices of the press upon this lecture it is well presented by Captain Taylor, who was himself a countryman during the war of the rebellion. Mr. Taylor, during his stay among us, has made many warm friends by his manly conduct and gentlemanly deportment. He leaves for his home in a few days, with the expectation of returning here in the spring.

On the River.

The Steamer Benton, the last boat to Cow Island, arrived yesterday, with Capt. McGarry in command. The success of navigation on the upper Missouri has been the most signal, this season, in the history of the river. The Eclipse has arrived at Buford and the Batchelor will be soon. The "Col. McCleod" will be in to-morrow. Following her down will be the Sherman, Eclipse and Batchelor, when the river will be clean and navigation closed. At this point will winter the Key West, Benton, Josephine, Batchelor, Custer, Gen. Tompkins, Eclipse and Sherman. The Benton will probably be the first hauled out on the ways.

Hunting in Style.

Jerome Marble's hunting car, "The City of Worcester," arrived Friday evening. The snow drove the party in from Crystal Springs. Mr. Marble has arranged for a big hunt in this neighborhood. His family accompany him. The car is a complete residence in itself—parlor, dining room and kitchen. Colored cooks and waiters attend the pleasure of the ladies. The ladies have small shot guns, and can bring down an occasional chicken or duck when the opportunity presents. Mr. Marble is a rich citizen of Worcester, Mass., who lives in a fifty thousand dollar house and drives a fast span of horses. He is devoted to this annual spree on the prairie, and has been keeping it up for four years at least.

Armstrong's Race.

Mr. Bass Armstrong started out across the prairie last Sunday for a sleigh-ride. Meeting Capt. John Barr he invited the Captain to race. The next day he wandered into THE TRIBUNE office. Wanted to know if anybody had seen anything of a horse race. They started together, he said, but he reckoned Barr's horse must have run away for the last he saw of him he was going 75 miles an hour and the snow flying. "I'm going back to St. Paul," he said, "and if you print anything about the race, just say it was a run-away, and if you can find out that Barr wants to sell his horse, just telegraph me, that's all."

Providing for the Papooses.

Capt. Pratt went down on the Black Hills with twenty Mandan and Ree children from Fort Berthold, for education at the Hampton (Va.) school. He will pick up some more at Cheyenne, Crow Creek, and other agencies, making fifty by the time he reaches Yankton.

Announcement.—To the Voters of the 3d Judicial District of Dakota.

GENTLEMEN:—At the request of numerous friends of both political parties, I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of District Attorney, and respectfully ask your support. WILLIAM G. WOODBURY, Grand Forks, Sept. 14th, 1878. 1611

W. M. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap, Main St. opposite post office.

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.—Watchmakers and Jewellers, Main Street, opposite Tribune block, Bismarck, D. T.

J. W. WATSON.

W. B. WATSON.

SPRING OF 1878.

J. W. Watson & Bro.,

BISMARCK D. T.

ARE AG IN IN THE FIELD WITH A NEW AND MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS, EMBRACING

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

EMBRACING

SILKS, CASHMERES, BOURETTES,

AND EVERYTHING NEW

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

OF EVERY NATURE

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &C.,

AND A FULL LINE OF

CARPETS.

They have closed out their OLD STOCK Cleaned out their Grocery Department and everything they have is NEW and Fresh from the Market. They buy for Cash. Discounting their bills, and sell for Cash and therefore are able to give their patrons even lower than St. Paul retail prices. April 26, 1878

MCLEAN & MACNIDER,

General Dealers in

Groceries, Dry Goods

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING

HATS AND CAPS,

CROCKERY, ETC.,

Agents for

THE STUDEBAKER WAGON.

Main St., - - BISMARCK.

MRS. LINN,

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING,

The only First Class Establishment in the City.

New Goods Received every Week. Latest Novelties always on Hand.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE. Corner 3d and Main Sts. Bismarck D. T.

Silver Wedding of the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson.

Saturday evening the chaplain's quarters at Fort Lincoln were filled by the guests of the post and their families who called to congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. John Walker Jackson upon the celebration of the 25th anniversary of their wedding. The Rev. gentleman was appointed chaplain in March 1877, and assigned to Fort Lincoln, and to the popularity of himself and good wife, among those with whom their duties and social inclinations have thrown them in contact, are to be attributed the pleasant assemblage and hearty well-wishes that will surround Saturday evening with cheerful reminiscences until the golden wedding comes around.

Among those who attended were the commanding officer of the post, Col. Croft and wife, Mrs. Gen. Sturgis and Miss Sturgis, Col. and Mrs. Benton; Lieutenant Walker, Mrs. Col. Baker, Capt. Baker, Mrs. Major Garland, Lieutenants Sharp, Ingalls, Carrow and Bell; Miss Warrow, Miss Shaw and others.

Several congratulatory letters were received, and among them the following autograph note of regrets from ex-senator Simon Cameron:

HARRISBURG, PA., Oct. 21, 1878.

My Dear Mrs. Jackson:—I came home the other day worried and low-spirited, and was feeling many annoyances, but as is my habit, I first looked at my mail, and the first package produced the counterfeited presentation of yourself and the Rev. John Walker Jackson, your good husband, and the man above all others who, by his honest zeal and great merit, more than any other clergyman, fixed public opinion here in favor of the Union, and urged the loyal men of the country to sustain the government in the time of peril. I said at once I will go out there to meet those good people on the 29th, and thank them in person, for all their friendship to me, and their better service to the country. But in a short time I remembered that I am now nearly eighty years of age, and a journey to Dakota is rather too great for me, and about that time our good friend Wm. Colder came in, and in offering the case to him, he said, "Why don't you write and say you would if you could make the trip?" And now, I can only add, God bless you, Mrs. Jackson, as I am sure He will if you and your husband do as you both have so far done—continue to walk in his ways.

With Love and Affection,
SIMON CAMERON.

RELIGIOUS.

Services at the Various Churches Sunday.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.
The religious services for Sundays at St. Mary's Catholic church, commence Saturday evening at 7 o'clock with the recitation of the Rosary; after which lectures are heard until night. On Sunday morning the first Mass is said at 8 o'clock; High Mass, with sermon, commences at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school for the children begins at 2 o'clock p. m. For evening services on Sundays there are Vespers at 7:30, and a short sermon at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Pastor having to attend the spiritual wants of the Catholics in Fort Rice, Fort Lincoln, Fort Stevenson, and at Jamestown, will be absent on every second Sunday of the month, when there will be no services for the Catholics here.

ST. MARY'S BELL.
The citizens of Bismarck, without regard to religious denomination, will be glad to hear that the bell ordered for St. Mary's church has been shipped from Cincinnati, and will soon be here. The weight of the bell and hangings amount to 2,550 lbs., 2,000 pounds of which are the actual weight of the bell. It will sound in bass, the "E" of the music scale, and will cost, delivered at the belfry, \$600.

The money for the bell was raised through the exertions of the Rev. Father Chrysostom, whose popularity among his fellow citizens enabled him to raise the money without much difficulty. The bell will be set up immediately on its arrival.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist services at the City Hall last Sunday, were well attended, morning and evening. Hereafter the morning service will be at 10:30 promptly, instead of 11 o'clock; evening service at 7, same place.

The Preacher and the Devil.

He was a tall man and not very big through, but there was an air about him which, connected with his length and want of diameter, indicated that much wrestling had sanctified him as well as thinned him out. He sort of fell into THE TRIBUNE office and picking up a straight Republican ticket, reckoned he would like to see the boss. "Not in," responded a dissipated looking young man, "the boss just got an invitation to go out and drink. But I'm the Devil, and my judgment tells me I had better lay that ticket down pretty d—n sudden." The long man looked at him. "Do you know I am a minister of the Gospel?" But the Devil had had his instructions as well as an education. "Yer may be a minister of hell ora Gospel damned, as Hamlick says, that don't make no odds. I ain't allowing the proprietor of this yer print shop to stand me off for \$7 a month and then lose my situation. Yer want to sort of let go of that ticket or prepare to cast a deep gloom over the whole community." The minister replied softly, "My friend you not only misquote but you misunderstand me. I am a savior of souls, one who teaches." And the Devil interrupted, "Ef yer think I'm goin' to stand around here and work a four ox power job press with one leg till the hinges on my back squeak so as to keep all the babies in town awake, and then to get the grand kick for lettin' a bible whanger get away with the national is—s—s, by stealin' tickets so as to make up a split, yer dead wrong from way back. Ef yer want gentility wait for the editor, but ef yer want business, just hold on to that ticket another second." There was a good deal of noise as the minister went down stairs (without the ticket) and it might be observed casually that THE TRIBUNE is printing a large number of election tickets daily, and that the Devil is far more lenient towards the clergy than towards the common citizen.

Skipped Out.

Charles Ethridge, the popular insurance and loan agent of St. Paul, has fled the country with at least \$37,000 and as much more as you choose to imagine. He had at times loaned out in St. Paul and vicinity for Eastern companies and capitalists as high as a million dollars. It is the in-

terest money on this immense loan that Ethridge has got away with. The whole story is a thrilling one and has turned St. Paul topsy-turvy. His wife and baby were in Massachusetts and it is possible they are all now on an ocean steamer. Ethridge was an exemplary citizen.

BURLEIGH'S NEW BOAT.

Fitting Up the Gen. Terry For the Grand Excursion.

Dr. Burleigh is fitting up his steamer Gen. Terry for a grand ninety day excursion next spring. It is to be the biggest thing ever known in the west. The steamer will leave Yankton about the 1st of May. The trip will take in Bismarck, and from here to Benton. After visiting the mighty falls, thirty miles above Benton, the excursionists will return to the Yellowstone, and ascend that remarkable stream to the mouth of the Big Horn. The Custer battle field and Forts Custer and Keogh will be visited, and then the highest point accessible on the Upper Yellowstone by steamboats. At that point pack horses and guards will be in waiting to take the excursionists to the Yellowstone Park, the "Wonderland" of the world. The interior of the Gen. Terry will be fitted up in palace car style. Burleigh will hire another boat if the excursionists over-run the Territory.

COUNTY BOUNDARIES.

Look at This, Voters, and Pick Your Precincts.

The following are the District Boundaries of Burleigh County:

District number one (1) shall be bounded as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the northerly side of Burleigh County on the prolongation of the township line between ranges seventy-eight (78), and seventy-nine (79), and running on said line in a southerly direction until said line intersects the Northern Pacific railroad, then west on the line of said railroad to the east line of section two (2), of township one hundred and thirty-eight, (138), range eighty (80), thence south on said section line between section eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen, to the southwest corner of section thirteen (13), thence west on the section line between sections fourteen (14) and twenty-three, fifteen and twenty-two, sixteen and twenty-one, seventeen and twenty, eighteen and nineteen, to the westerly line of said county.

District No. two (2) shall consist of the territory lying east of the line commencing at the northerly side of Burleigh county, on the prolongation of the township line between ranges seventy-eight (78) and seventy-nine (79), and running from thence on said line to the southerly line of said county.

District No. three (3) shall consist of all the remaining portion of Burleigh county not described or included, in commissioner districts numbers one and two.

CITY JUSTICE.

Official Report For the Year.
Bismarck, D. T., Oct. 23, 1878.—To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of Bismarck.

In compliance with your request I have the honor to report that since my regular monthly report was rendered on the 30 day of November, 1878, I have made reports at the dates hereunder mentioned and that at the time of making said reports I had paid into the city treasury the amounts mentioned therein, viz:

December 3d, 1877	\$179.00
" 17th "	79.00
" 24th "	53.00
" 31st "	9.00
January 7th, 1878	135.00
" 14th "	10.00
" 21st "	12.00
" 28th "	95.00
February 4th "	34.00
" 11th "	16.00
" 18th "	10.00
" 25th "	4.00
March 4th, 1878	140.00
" 11th "	16.00
" 18th "	10.00
" 25th "	4.00
April 1st "	115.00
" 8th "	5.00
" 15th "	8.00
" 22d "	94.00
" 29th "	34.00
May 6th "	22.00
" 13th "	114.00
" 20th "	14.00
" 27th "	15.00
June 3rd "	10.00
" 10th "	5.00
" 17th "	120.00
" 24th "	5.00
" 31st "	103.00
August 5th "	15.00
" 12th "	8.00
" 19th "	3.00
" 26th "	135.00
Sept. 2nd "	10.00
" 9th "	3.00
" 16th "	8.00
" 23rd "	115.00
" 30th "	7.00
Oct. 7th "	
" 14th "	
" 21st "	
" 28th "	
Total	\$1,752.00

And I further certify that the foregoing are all the monies received by me as fines for violation of city ordinances and that the full amount received by me (\$1,752.00) has been paid to the City Treasurer at or before the dates above stated.

From the 30 day of November, 1877, to this date no appeals have been taken from my decisions in cases arising under the city ordinances.

DAVID STEWART,
City Justice of the Peace.

Climbing the Caboose.

Friday morning a little railroad accident occurred at the Seventeenth Siding. The freight train of that morning was in two sections, a locomotive being attached to each. At the Siding the first section took its place on the switch to wait for the passenger. The second section followed suit and ran into the caboose of the first. The result was a caboose and freight car off the track, and a busted smoke stack for the butting engine. A. D. Pomeroy, in the caboose, was thrown around and his face more or less disfigured.

Cattle Farms.

Willie Badger, son of Capt. Badger, will establish a stock farm just outside of the Fort Rice reservation on this side of the Missouri. He has already purchased one hundred cows as a starter. John Thompson & Co., of Standing Rock, have one hundred cows near Fort Rice, and will also begin a stock farm. These farms will cover several thousand acres.

Let's Go Some Sunday.

Colgate Hoyt, who was with Gen. Miles' excursion to the Yellowstone Park, reports

the trout fishing in the Yellowstone magnificent. The trout take grasshopper bait with avidity. The white fish did the same thing, and are even better biters than the trout. General Sherman says there is not a finer trout stream in the United States for the number of fish. He says there is larger and more gamey fish down East, but that is all.

Married.

OFFICER—TOMPKINS—On last Sunday at 4 p. m. October 27, 1878, at the residence of the bride's mother, in this city, by Rev. Geo. W. Barnett, pastor of the M. E. Church, Mr. John A. Officer, of Fargo, to Miss May Tompkins, of Bismarck.

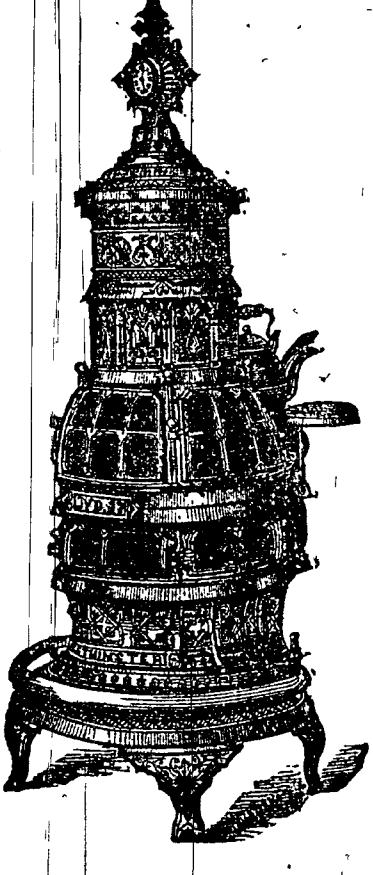


G. W. POUSSIN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HEAVY and SHELF
HARDWARE
STOVES
AND
TINWARE.

A LARGE STOCK OF
COOK AND HEATING STOVES
IN VARIETY, AND AT
Prices Never Offered Before
IN THIS MARKET.



THE WESTMINSTER,
AN
ENTIRELY NEW BASE-BURNER,
FOR 1878.

BEST OPERATING,
MOST PERFECT,
HANDSOMEST

HARD COAL BASE-BURNER

EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Steamboat Supplies a Specialty.
All Kinds of Repairing Done.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.



D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

Main Street, Opposite Sheridan House,

BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

We wish to announce that we are now in receipt of a full assortment of one of the

LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE

Ever brought to this market, consisting of a full and complete line of

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE,

Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, &c

In fact everything that can be found in a first-class hardware store. A complete line of

COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

all of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

COPPER, ZINC AND SHEET IRON WORK

Done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen. 211f

CITY MEAT MARKET;
Bostwick & Rickenberg
keep a full line of

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS,

SAUSAGE, GAME, POULTRY, FRESH AND SALT FISH, CANNED GOODS, FRESH OYSTERS, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.

FOURTH STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.
21m3

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST
DEALER IN

WINES, LIQUORS CIGARS,
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

F. J. CALL,
NEXT WEEK.

JOHN P. DUNN. CASH O. DUNN.

DUNN & CO.,

PIONEER DRUGGISTS

Bismarck, D. T.

A Full Line of Drugs, Medicines

Paints, Oils,

GLASS, &c.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Sept 11-78

E. C. BROHOLM,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Fourth Street, opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

In all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specially made of

Neat Repairing.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1

T. H. DECKERT. W. A. FRANKLIN.

King Barber Shop,

DECKERT & FRANKLIN Propa.

(Successors to Chris. Hahl.)

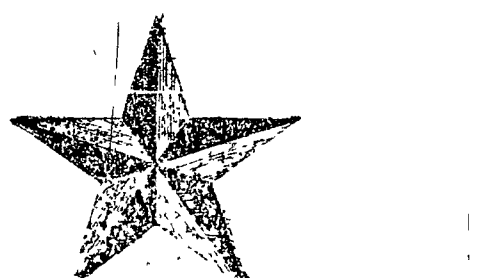
Shaving, Champoning, &c. Hot and cold Baths. None but the best workmen employed. Near Merchants Hotel, Bismarck D. T.

Wm. Kelly,
SHOEMAKER,

6th Street, Bismarck, D. T. Opposite Custer Hotel.

Fine work for ladies, gentlemen a specialty. Repairing neatly and quickly done. Orders from abroad will receive prompt attention. 11m1

NORTH STAR



CIGAR FACTORY,

Bismarck D. T.

Manufacturer of

Fine Cigars,

and dealer in imported Cigars, Fine Tobacco, Smokers' Goods, &c. A fine assortment of the best Fine Cigs. CLCM EMMONS Proprietor

THE OLD RELIABLE

Montana Meat Market,

Cor. Main and Second Streets

is always supplied with everything in the way of

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Game

In their Season.

Superior facilities for furnishing Steamboats with Fresh Meats.

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.

By the Stille.
"Ah, sweet!" said I. The sun dropped low,
And filled the west with passing splendor.
She lingered as if loth to go,
Blessing the hills with kisses tender.
Too sweet she was! Flowers, hung their
heads,
As if to do the maiden honor;
The little violets, from their beds,
With timid blue eyes, gazed upon her.

So fair, with an ethereal grace,
With eyes like stars of midnight burning
The perfect beauty of her face
Had I led my heart with secret yearning.
I loved her, yet I dare not tell
As by the stille we stood, belated;
Her words would make my heaven or hell—
What wonder that I longed and waited?
One little star peeped from the sky,
And winked at us with visage wrinkled,
As if to say: "Now! On the sly!"
And at my hesitation twinkled.
She leaned to me across the stile—
How could the heart of man resist her?
I paused a very little while,
And then I ended all, and—kissed her!

Humor of the Day.

Why should a lady's home dress last forever?—Because she never wears it out.
The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the interregnum.

Why is a nail, driven fast into a stick of timber, like a decrepit old man?—Because it's in firm.

Talk about Chinese ways that are dark! Why, there are over 100 miles of tunnel in Great Britain.

There is a man in Washington the most powerful in the country. He carries a horse scar on his cheek.

Immediately after every hard wind, farmers come into town with choice lots of fresh hand-picked apples.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

Mrs. Janville has "put up" twelve cans of peaches, nine jars of plums, and a bushel of pears, while her husband has only "put up" two stoves and his gold watch.

You persuade a professional musician, pianist or conductor to give popular music, and then the critics pitch into him because he "don't (can't) play classical music."

"On, I know she loves him," cried the grief-stricken youth. "But how do you know she prefers your rival?" asked the friend. "Ah," was the sad reply, "I saw her look bias at him."

Passing an automatic buoy which was blowing its lugubrious note, a reflective Bostonian observed: "I'm glad the buoys have got cotsers at last. Their education has been neglected."

Lady (giving an apple to a little boy): "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all three adults, took the apple, and—ate it.

"When a young female," says the author of the *Breakfast Table*, "walks with a male not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the 'feller' was you saw her with."

An old coquette, and one very fond of her reminiscences, and a censor of all present fashions and arts, looking into her glass, beheld sundry wrinkles, freckles, etc. "Now, here is my new glass," said her ladyship, "not worth a cent. They cannot make mirrors as well as they used to do."

Not long ago, as an elderly couple were out walking, a lady on the opposite side of the street tripped and fell down. The old gentleman rushed across the street, raised his hat, and offered to assist her in any possible way. His wife followed him across at a slow pace, and witnessing his devotion to the stranger, she got mad and shook her fist at him. "It's all right—it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it is," she hotly exclaimed, "here an unknown woman stubs her toe, and you plow across the street to eat her up with kindness. The other day when I fell down stairs you stood and laughed and chuckled and tickled your ribs, and wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus!"

He was a "couled tramp," and approached Captain Jase Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee. "Is you de Capt'n ob de kears?" "Yes," replied Jase. "Don't want' no fer hire any deck hands, duz ye?" "No! I'm not running a steamboat." "Zack'ly! Moat I ride straddle ob de cow-snatcher to de next landin'?" "Ise busted, an' a long ways from home." "Get on! All aboard!" And the negro straddled the cow-snatcher. Ed Gilligan pulled out the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile, before the engine has collided with a cow, throwing it over a fence into a corn-field, and the negro, after the cow. Next day, coming down, the negro humped up to Jase at the same depot, and said: "Boss, I didn't ride fer wid you on that cow snatcher. Kase you see the cow wanted to ride dar too, an' dar wasn't room fo' bofe ob us, so we got off togedder up here in a corn-field fo' to rest. De next time I rides wid you, I'll freeze to de tail-gate ob de wagon—hit's safer."

A Snake in Bed.

The most unpleasant of bedfellows must be a poisonous snake, and yet a lady of Natal, Africa, found herself one night in bed with a "ringhals," one of the most deadly of African serpents.

The lady was disturbed by feeling something moving in the bed, and on putting her hand down, discovered, to her horror, the nature of her midnight visitor. Her husband was awakened, a light procured, and search made for the reptile, which remained between the mattress and the sheet, where it was speedily dispatched with a few blows from a stout stick. It is fortunate that the position in which the reptile was found prevented it from doing any mischief.

The "ringhals" is a bold fighter, and will stand erect and make rapid darts at an enemy; besides which, it is credited, in common with one or two species of African snakes, with the power of spitting a venomous saliva with considerable accuracy of aim.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DEADWOOD, BLACK HILLS, and Dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbons and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 54 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA, GLASSWARE, LUMBER, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, AND SHOES, and Dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbons and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 54 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

ISAACSON—Manufacture and Jobber in Cigars. 54 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finckelstein & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Metropolitan Hotel,
St. Paul, Minn.
TERMS \$3.00 PER DAY.
Army Headquarters.

T. S. WHITE, LANE K. STONE, H. W. STONE.
White, Stone & Co.,
JOBBER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND
PAPER.

57 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Mail Orders receive prompt attention and prices guaranteed to be the lowest in the West.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER,
MERCHANT TAILORS!
The Latest
AND
BEST OF STYLES.

This House has a large and complete stock of Cloth and Cassimeres always on hand. It will be to the interest of the buyer to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

NO. 52 JACKSON STREET,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only one block from the Hotel New. Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.

No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Northern Pacific R. R.
1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.

TAKE THE
Custer Route
TO THE
BLACK HILLS.

Thro' Express Trains
FROM
ST. PAUL TO BISMARCK,
DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run!
Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the St. Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad train to Glyndon; Fisher's, Fort Gerry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Totten, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1878.

H. E. SARGENT,
General Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN,
Gen'l Frt. and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, Brainerd.

CHICAGO,
Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

THE SHORTEST, QUICKEST
—AND IN EVERY RESPECT—
Best ROUTE from
St. Paul to Chicago.

It traverses a finer country, with grander scenery, and connects more business centers and pleasure resorts than any other Northwestern Line.

It is the ONLY THROUGH LINE VIA MILWAUKEE, the Commercial Metropolis of Wisconsin.

It is the only Northwestern Line connecting in same Depot in Chicago, with any of the great Eastern or Southern Lines, and is the most convenient location with reference to any depot, hotel or place of business in that city.

It is the only line running its own Palace Sleeping Cars from the Northwest into Chicago, or from Chicago into the Northwest.

It is the ONLY LINE using the WESTINGHOUSE IMPROVED AUTOMATIC AIR BRAKE, and the said Brake is on all Passenger Trains.

It uses the Miller Patent Platform and Conpler. It has a perfect steel rail track, thoroughly ballasted.

It makes sure connections in Chicago with all roads running East, South and West, and with Central of Iowa, St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway, for St. Louis, Texas and Kansas Points; and makes close connections at St. Paul with Northern Pacific trains.

Cargoes are good either via Hastings, Red Wing, Winona, La Crosse, (the famed Mississippi River Division), Sparta, Kilbourn, Watertown, or via Okauchee, Austin, McGregor, Prairie du Chien and Madison.

ST. PAUL DEPOT, corner Jackson Street and Levee. CITY OFFICE, 118 East Third Street, corner Jackson street.

J. A. CHANDLER, General Agent.
W. M. G. WATSON, Ticket Agent.
A. V. H. CAMPBELL, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.
JOHN DAVIDSON, Ticket Agent, Bismarck, D. T.

VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

178 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW.
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.
SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, ME., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. ALBERT RICKER.
Witness of the above.
MR. GEORGE M. YATCHIN,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE
GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET, BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE. You have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the scrofula.

With respect,
Mrs. N. WORMEEL, Matron.

VEGETINE.
REV. O. T. WALKER, SAYS:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.

O. T. WALKER.
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE
NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody.

Yours truly,
LIZZIE M. PACKARD.
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.
RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

SOUTH BOSTON.

MR. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—I have used several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

CHICAGO,
ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS
LINE.

That portion of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway between Chicago and Elroy (via Madison), and the West Wisconsin Railway between Elroy and St. Paul, to Minneapolis, form a single line between Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis. This line will hereafter be known as the

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE.

It is the ONLY LINE between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago, that passes through Hudson, Eau Claire, Black River Falls, Elroy and Madison, and is the ONLY Line

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This popular route is unsurpassed for Speed, Comfort and Safety. The smooth, well ballasted and perfect track of Steel Rails, the celebrated Pullman Palace Cars, the Perfect Telegraph system of moving trains, the regularity with which they run, the admirable arrangement for running through cars between Chicago and all points West, North and South, secure to passengers the comforts in Modern Railway Traveling.

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Passengers for Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cairo and all

POINTS SOUTH AND EAST.

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Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane, in individual cases. Catarrh may arise from a cold, or a succession of colds, from sudden change of atmosphere, wearing wet clothing, or exposure to inclement weather, and becoming thoroughly or in active condition, and the air in a morbid forces exhausted. The disease may arise from a Fever, Measles, and Diphtheria, and in such cases the quantities of mucus, the discharges from the nose, the difficulty of breathing, the irritation from whatever cause they arise, may be but in contact, or thick a yellowish, emitting a foul odor, or clear and white like the white of an egg. There may be an entire absence of mucus, the membrane being dry and feverish, the face, front and upper part of the head feeling uncomfortable, and as if it were encumbered by a heavy weight. This latter phase is called Dry Catarrh. The free matter discharges cause the passages to swell and become thickened, rendering breathing through the nose difficult or impossible, and the sufferer finds it necessary to breathe through the mouth, thereby permitting cold air to enter the bronchial tubes and lungs. The matter passing through the throat creates a constant desire to hawk and expectorate to throw it off, but when the membrane is dry and feverish, instead of passing freely down and forms into scabs, incrustations, and hard lumps, which adhere so firmly to the nasal passages and throat as to require very persistent efforts to dislodge them. The eyes, when the membrane is inflamed, red, weak, and watery, or the membrane is secreted in more or less quantity. The ear also becomes seriously affected, discharging a thick, purulent matter, ending in inflammation of the middle ear, and finally deafness. In inflammation of the nasal tubes, and lungs are many cases as affected by catarrh, and with the most serious system is superadded, such affections become alarming.

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Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, full directions for use in all cases. Price, \$1. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States and Canada. W. F. POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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It equalizes the Circulation.
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DAVID STEWART—Attorney at Law and City
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200 CORDS SEASONED WOOD
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NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

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THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,
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Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
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Manufacturer and Dealer in

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FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

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Prompt attention given to orders by mail

ROYAL BAKING
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Absolutely Pure.

The oldest and most reliable brand, every can full weight, uniform, and wholesome, and goes
one-third farther than ordinary kinds. Contains no acid but that derived from grapes—a pure Grape
Cream Tartar. It has been analyzed and endorsed by the Board of Health of New York, also the
leading Chemists of the country. It is peerless and unapproachable in quality, and any family who
once uses it will not be without it.
The housekeeper must bear in mind, an absolutely pure Powder like the Royal cannot be bought
at the same price as the adulterated kinds. Sold by all grocers in tin cans only 1471

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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IN 1860.

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All Goods Warranted First-Class. Prices Reasonable. Send for Catalogue. For sale
by Wm. Harmon & Co., Fort Lincoln, D. T. 123

M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,
AND FEED,
Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D. T.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30, 1878.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M. E. N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., is held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. SIG HANAUER, N. G. E. O. BOSTWICK, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

At the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; and every Sabbath evening commencing at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. I. O. Sloan, Pastor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the North Pacific to and from the east arrive daily, except Monday, at 7 a. m. Depart daily except Saturday at 7 p. m.
Leave for Fort Stephenson, Berthold and Buford and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday; returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.
Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 a. m.
Leave for Tongue River every Sunday at 8 a. m.
Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.
Office open from 7 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9:30 a. m., and 5 to 7 p. m.

Weekly Weather Report.

BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 29, 1878.
Highest. Lowest. Mean.
30.386 20.387 30.199
Barometer.
Thermometer.
Humidity. (Rel.)
Wind's hourly velocity. 27 calm
Winds, prevalent direction, northwest.
Winds, total movement, 1655 miles.
Total amount of rain or melted snow, 0.22 inch.
Precipitation.
Lunar Corona, 0.
Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.
DAVID THOS. FLANNERY,
Ob. Signal Corps U. S. A.
Office, Room 70, Sheridan House.

Prominent People.

Col. Jones left Sunday evening for New York City. He will be back again.
J. K. Wetherby returned last Friday from his sad journey to Hudson, Wisconsin.
D. Macomber and family arrived from Brainerd last week and will hereafter abide at Bismarck.
J. C. Bushley, Signal Service Sergeant, has been ordered from Fort Whipple to Bismarck.
Chester A. King returned from Malone, New York, Thursday. He may go into business here.
Capt. O'Toole, trader at Fort Keogh, and Mr. Jordan, trader at Buford, went up on the Batchelor.
J. M. Hannaford, of Gen'l Passenger Agent Naaborn's office, St. Paul, was here over Sunday and Monday.
George P. Flannery, D. O. Preston and Robert Macnider have been appointed the Republican county committee.
Sergeant Cramer, of Fort Whipple, has been ordered to this signal station to relieve David Thomas Flannery. He will have an assistant.
Lieut. Col. McCleod, chief of the mounted police, watching over Sitting Bull, passed east yesterday, enroute to Ottawa. He says Sitting Bull is the quietest man in the country.
J. S. Winston, the popular mail contractor between here and Buford, and at the same time the far more popular trader at Fort Stevenson, came down yesterday.
B. W. Armstrong, late deputy sheriff of Ramsey county, and the prospective business manager of his uncle's paper, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, was at the glove fight Sunday evening.
Mrs. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Miss Rice, and Miss Sanborn, of St. Paul, Cap. Deners and Colgate Hoyt, went east last week. They were with Gen. Miles' excursion to the National Park.
Geo. Wardman, the correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, who was with Gen. Miles at the Yellowstone Park, went east last night. He was with Col. Baker in the chase after the supposed Cheyennes from the Yellowstone to the Missouri River.

From All Over.

Sixty-five recruits arrived Sunday for the Seventh Cavalry.
Cloudy and mild weather at Buford, this morning, which means milder weather here.
J. T. Winston has purchased a half interest in the Trader's store at Fort Berthold.
The fever has almost entirely left the southern cities. Cold weather has done the business and Yellow Jack is dead.
The steamer doing such heroic work in carrying relief to the yellow fever sufferers, is well known in our port. It is the John M. Chambers. She was illustrated in last week's *Frank Leslie's*.
"Laughing Sam," a notorious road agent of the Black Hills, went through here last Friday. He was accompanied by an officer who was escorting him to Detroit, Mich., where he is expected to spend nine years and eight months.
Mr. F. F. Gerard, of Fort Lincoln, has set to work in good earnest to build up the country. Sunday morning he made a careful examination of a new inhabitant and announced in that it was a boy in several languages. The baby is doing well and Mr. Gerard is happy.

Shoulder Straps.

Lieut. Gibson, of Lincoln, is on court martial duty at Jefferson City, Mo.
Several officers at Rice have taken "homestead and tree claim" out of the reservation.
Capt. Thos. G. Troxel, recently promoted from First Lieut. and Quartermaster at Standing Rock, will join his company at Pembina. Capt. Cyrus Roberts, of Standing Rock, has been ordered to Fort Lincoln, and Lieut. George H. Roach also.

Are Fat People Healthy?

Why are fat people always complaining? ask someone who entertains the popular though erroneous notion that health is synonymous with fat. Fat people complain because they are diseased. Obesity is an abnormal condition of the system, in which the saccharine and oleaginous elements of the food are assimilated to the partial exclusion of the muscular forming and brain-producing elements. In proof of this, it is only necessary to assert the well known fact that excessively fat people are never strong and seldom distinguished for mental powers or activity. Besides, they are the easy prey of acute and epidemic diseases, and they are the frequent victims of gout, heart disease, and apoplexy. Allan's Anti-Fat is the only known remedy for this disease. It contains no acid, is absolutely harmless, and

is warranted to remedy the most confirmed case of obesity, or corpulency.

For Sale.

One hundred and sixty acres of land adjoining the Stark farm on the north. Inquire of 23-24 Wm. A. Meserve & Co.

Notice.

Is hereby given that Mr. Rice is no longer in my employment, and that all accounts due me must be paid to me in person, and to no one else. 23-24 St. Paul Branch Clothing House.

Grand Opening.

Boatwick & Reckenberg have leased the old city meat market of N. P. Clark, and fitted it up in first class style, and are now prepared to furnish meats of all kinds, fresh oysters, butter, eggs, &c., at astonishingly low rates. Give them a call. 21-22

We are agents for C. S. Maltby's Celebrated Oysters and will fill shipping orders at low figures. 211f HALLETT & KEATING.

Coal Oil.

Minnesota Proof, at A. GRISSEY'S. 20-31

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals. GEO. P. FLANNERY. 151f

Our Daily Food.

Adulteration prevails in our daily food. Food is a most important necessity, and it should be wholesome and nutritious. If all articles that are used were as pure and healthful as Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, we should escape many of the ills of life.

A Bargain.

220 acres, one mile from the Sheridan House, at ten dollars per acre. GEO. W. SWEET. 161f

Boarding.

Single meals 25 cents, or board by the week at \$4.50, at J. F. Reardon's, Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Louis' Chop and Oyster House, on Fourth Street, is open day and night. 22-24

Wanted.

At Fort Lincoln, a good cook for a bachelors' mess of three or four persons. Mess CATERER. 22-23 TRIBUNE OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. P. SLATTERY. 12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Shelving and Counters.

The Post Office shelving and counter for sale. Price \$25. 30-32

Tobacco.

Best Lorillard plug 75 cents per pound; Durham Smoking, 65 cents; fine cut, \$1.00 to \$1.15. A. CRISSEY. 20-31 Opposite Custer Hotel.

Wanted.

A situation as cook or general house work, by a competent girl. Would prefer a place with a private family. Inquire at post office. 22

Inquire For Them.

We have used Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, and can confidently recommend them to the community as the best articles in domestic use. They are the leading articles of their kind in America, and should be on the shelf of every well-regulated family grocer.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the law partnership heretofore existing between J. S. Winston, John E. Carland and John E. Carland is dissolved from and after this date. JOHN A. STOVELL. JOHN E. CARLAND. October 4, 1878.

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between John H. Stevens, David Olmsted, C. A. Lonsberry and others, under the firm name of the Bismarck Tobacco Company, is dissolved. All bills due the late firm must be paid to C. A. Lonsberry and all due from them will be paid by him. Bismarck, Oct. 2, 1878. JOHN H. STEVENS. DAVID OLMSTED. C. A. LONSBERRY.

Removal.

S. Selleck has removed his Merchant Tailoring Establishment to his old stand, Tarkenton building, where can be found a full line of imported and domestic clothes, cassimeres and overcoatings of the latest styles, and of fine Dress and Business Suits. The manufacturing department is conducted by experienced workmen. N. Gould will be found at his post at all business hours with shavers in hand to cut, shave and pare. The friends of the store are earnestly solicited to call. 21-23 S. SELLECK.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners at the office of the Register of Deeds of Burleigh County, on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1878, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of transacting such business as may properly come before it. JOHN H. RICE, County Clerk.

Fast Superseding.

The Unique Perfumes of Dr. Price are fast superseding all others. Their fresh, flowery fragrance is admired by all who use them. For an evening party his Alistia Bouquet is captivating; while for the parlor, church or concert, his Rose is the most delightful odor. Sold by W. A. Hollembaek.

No Doubts.

Judging from the universal satisfaction that Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes have already given, there is no doubt but that as high a reputation for charming perfumes will soon be acquired by the firm of Steele & Price as they have already gained for their culinary preparations. The delicate fragrance of Dr. Price's Perfumes make them very popular. Sold by W. A. HOLLEMBAEK.

Louis Notmeyer has for sale a new variety of potatoes. They are choice, as early as the Early Rose, and as good an eating potato. The seed was purchased of N. P. Ferry, Detroit, for \$8.00 per bushel, and Mr. Notmeyer is now prepared to sell them at the low price of \$2.50 per bushel. From five bushels of seed he raised on the upland 200 bushels of potatoes. Samples at the St. Louis Store. Mr. Notmeyer will promptly attend to all orders. 20-22

To be or not to be, that is the great problem before the people of Bismarck, and when in future years the self-made men now struggling along unnoticed by the outside world, are asked what gave them the strength and courage to persevere and win, it will be in the daily and constant use of the Belle of Moorhead Flour. For sale by all grocers. 88

Francis Boulamark has opened a first-class restaurant on Main street, near 4th, where he cooks the oysters cooked in every style, and of every sort. Parties and dances supplied with cake. 20-23

Don't Frown If You Can Help It.

But don't smile more than you are obliged to, if you have a mouthful of discolored teeth. If such is the case procure and use at least once every day, delightful SOZODONT, which will re-

move the unbecoming spots and specks that disfigure your teeth; render them pearly white, make the gums hard and rosy, and impart fragrance to your breath. SOZODONT, moreover, contains no corrosive acids or gritty particles, which is the case with some dentifrices, but is eminently safe as well as thoroughly effective. Sold by druggists. 22-25

Independent Candidates.

To the voters of the 8d Judicial District, Dakota Territory: Gentlemen, In view of the fact that the office of district attorney is not, and should not be, a political one and that the one filling the position should be left unembarrassed by party policy; and in view of the fact that the expense of meeting in convention for the nomination of party candidates would necessarily be great, while the farmers throughout the district are and will be unusually busy during the next few weeks, and at the earnest solicitation of friends representing all portions of the district, I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for district attorney and solicit your support for that position. JOHN A. STOVELL. Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 6, 1878.

Judges of Election.

BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 24, 1878. At a meeting of the City Council held on the above date the following were accepted as Judges of Election for the City of Bismarck, D. T., to hold election to take place on the 6th day of November, 1878: First Ward—Thomas O. Bork, George Elder and Wm. Eades. Second Ward—John Ganpon, E. Wescott and P. P. Bork. Third Ward—A. Crissey, J. W. Watson and B. F. Raymond. By order of the council. C. J. CLARK, City Clerk.

Land Office Notices.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 14th, 1878. To Frank Fleming and Henry LaFaire: John Brach having offered to make proof and payment on the s. e. 1/4 of the s. e. 1/4, and lot No. 3, Sec. 24, township 138, r. 90, you are hereby notified that a hearing will be had at this office on Friday, Nov. 8th, 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time you will be present and give testimony, if any you have, why said proof and payment should not be made. PETER MANTOR, Register. EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 20-23

U. S. LAND OFFICE. BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 24th, 1878. Complaint having been entered at this office by Andrew C. Trundum against Benj. F. Slaughter, for abandoning his homestead entry, No. 19, dated Aug. 16th, 1878, upon the s. e. 1/4, section 20, township 138, range 80, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 23d day of November, 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony, concerning said alleged abandonment. PETER MANTOR, Register. EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver. 22-25

INSURANCE!! LIFE & FIRE!

The Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL Fire and Marine Insurance Co., REPRESENTED BY

GEO. H. FAIRCHILD. Bismarck, D. T., March 14 78f

BISMARCK AND FT. BUFORD

STAGE AND EXPRESS

U. S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days. Stages will leave Buford on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m. For Express, Passage or Freight apply to J. S. WINSTON, Bismarck, D. T. Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

BISMARCK AND STANDING ROCK

STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.

Leaves Bismarck every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours. Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours. For freight or passage apply to GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, or J. NO THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D. T. 151f

BISMARCK AND TONGUE RIVER

Stage & Express.

Leave Bismarck every Sunday at 8 a. m., arriving at Fort Keogh in four days, commencing at 8 a. m. making the full trip in five days. Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours. For freight or passage apply to GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, or J. NO THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D. T. 151f

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Chris Hehli, KING OF BARBERS,

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.

Hot and Cold Baths.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES

AT

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

Bismarck, Dakota,

Who is just opening the largest stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods Etc.,

EVER BROUGHT TO THE CITY.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

BRICK! BRICK! E. MENKUS,

R. B. MASON, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

BRICK BUILDINGS ERECTED

On Short Notice and Satisfaction Guaranteed. All kinds of

BRICK AND STONE WORK

Done with Neatness and Dispatch. I have on hand a superior quality of

BRICK

which I will sell at reasonable prices. 4m4

O. S. GOFF, PHOTOGRAPHER.

PORTRAITS AND VIEWS.

Fine Work a Specialty.

MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., Pioneer

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP,

Corner Third and Thayer Streets, BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS.

AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People. 104f

TARRANT'S SELTZER

Summer Heat begets undue languor, loss of appetite, biliousness, feverishness, headache, and other symptoms, which may speedily develop into chronic diseases. Check them at the outset with that supremely efficacious saline, Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient. 22-23 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RACEK BROS., HARNESS MAKERS & SADDLERS.

Dealers in Collars, Whips, Lashes, Brushes, Combs, &c.

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE. Strict Attention to Orders by Mail.

1878. ESTABLISHED 1872

COMPLIMENTS OF

James A. Emmons, Wine and Liquor Merchant, Bismarck, D. T.